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THE
WANDERING SINGER
AND HIS SONGS
AND
OTHER POEMS

BY
FRANK HODGMAN, M. S.
M. A. C. 1862

F. HODGMAN, CLIMAX, MICHIGAN
PUBLISHER

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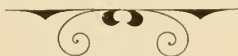
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Go, little booklet! Speed your ways!
A benison attend you:
Go seek my friends of other days,
And tell them I have sent you
To ope the caskets where are stored
The sweetest memories olden,
And add a blessing to the hoard,
Of friendship's treasures golden.

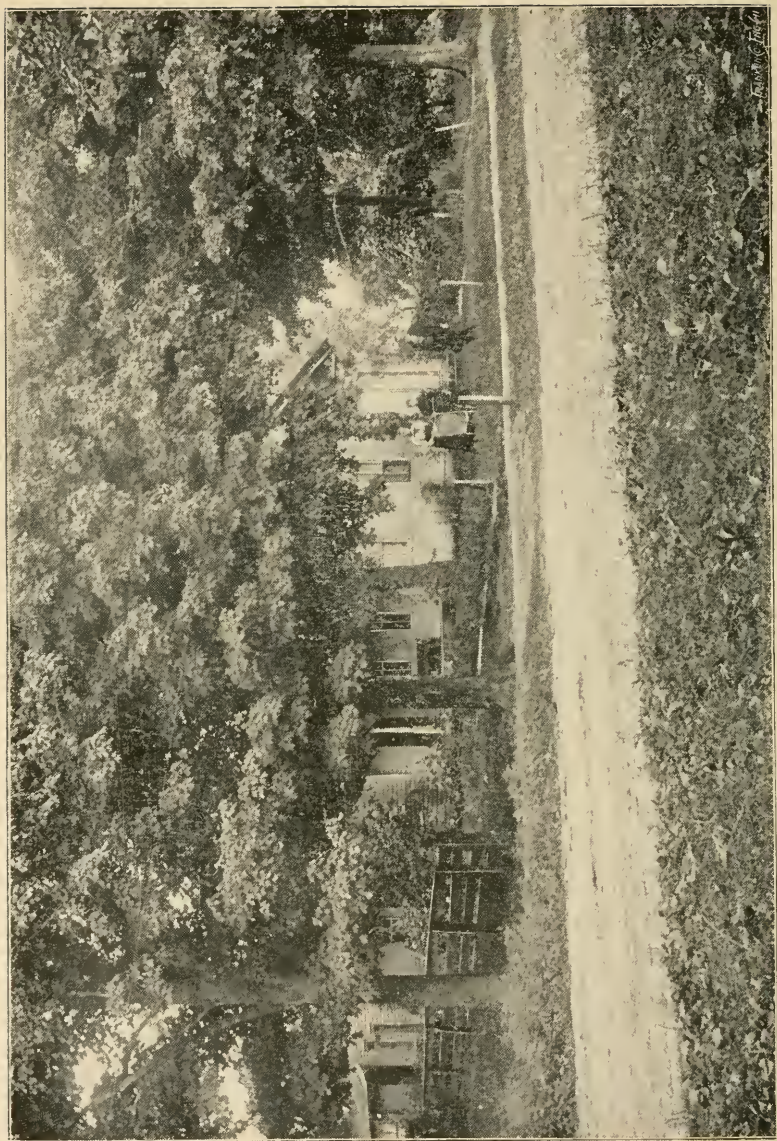


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TO MY
OLD COLLEGE CHUMS.

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"A LITTLE COTTAGE BY THE WAY."

THE WANDERING SINGER AND HIS SONGS.

Written for the 1891 meeting of the Alumni of Michigan
Agricultural College.

A LITTLE prairie, green and fair,
With sweet wild posies blooming there;
A little cottage by the way;
A loving couple turning gray;
A little laughing, blue-eyed boy,
Full of mirth without alloy,—
That's my wanderer and his home
Before his footsteps learned to roam.

Sturdy, sun-browned, whistling lad,
Driving oxen with his gad;
Carrying water; dropping corn;
Tooting on the dinner horn;
Spreading grass and raking hay,
Trampling on it in the bay;
Taking harvesters their lunch;
Carrying bundles to the bunch;
Digging 'tatoes; husking corn;
Milking cows at night and morn;
Swimming in the crystal lakes;

Drowning gophers; killing snakes;
Picking apples, ripe and red;
Coasting on his home-made sled;
Hurrying fast to get to school
In time to have a game of "gool;"
Helping Tom and kissing Kate;
Drawing pictures on his slate;
Slyly tickling Jimmy's ear
When the teacher is not near;
Snickering out as Jimmy tries
To brush away the pesky flies;
Puts crooked pin in teacher's chair,
Wondering if 't will make him swear;
Thinks the fun is just complete
When the teacher takes his seat;
Doffs his coat and takes his licking,—
Never has a thought of kicking;
Learns his lessons, has them well,
Always had them, so they tell,—
That 's my wanderer older grown.

Bidding loving friends good-bye,
Brushing tear-drops on the sly;
Riding on the Jackson stage
(Every minute seems an age);



"SPREADING GRASS AND RAKING HAY."

Walking up the muddy road
(Every footstep takes a load);
Resting at the half-way stone,
(A cherry in the cleft has grown);
Straggling up the college green,
Settled down in 17;
Learning lessons, playing ball,
Rolling barrels down the hall;
Piling logs and pulling stumps;
Raising turnips in the swamp;
Harrowing with the great State drag,
Never lets the oxen lag;
Laying tile and digging wells;
Raising mischief with the bells;
Mounting birds and pickling snakes;
Pinched and blue with ague shakes;
Pitching hay and cradling wheat;
Gathering bugs for mice to eat;
Dissecting cats and playing rigs;
Cooning melons; feeding pigs;
Off to Okemos to dance
Every time he gets a chance;
Sparking Sunday nights in 11,
Thinks he's half-way up to heaven;
Studies hard,— at last he passes,

Standing well in all his classes,
Gets his sheepskin, wanders round,—
Every spot is sacred ground;
Boys are going; trunks are packed,
Wagon loads are ready stacked;
With quivering lips and moistened eye
He grasps their hands, “Dear friends, good-bye.
We part at last. I go to-night.
Where’er you go, be sure to write.”
That’s my wanderer once again.

The wanderer left his college home,
With courage high, the world to roam.
The world should be his harvest-field.
His sickle keen should make it yield
Him fame and fortune, joy and ease,
And thousand things the heart to please.
He’d build a castle, rich and grand,
On the fairest site in all the land.
A winding stream should wander by,
A snow-capped mountain tower high;
He’d have a stretch of dewy plain,
And fields of waving yellow grain,
And shady groves, and flowery dells,
And tinkling tones of cattle bells;

On summer days would wake the morn
With echoing notes of bugle-horn;
Have all that's rich and sweet and rare,
And dwell there with his lady fair.

The wanderer speeds him on his way,
With courage high and spirits gay.
His morn of life's so bright and fair,
Such vigor in the fragrant air,
Such hopes to nerve his willing feet,
And urge him onward strong and fleet,
No wonder 't is that, here and there,
He builds a castle in the air,
Nor, when the shades are growing long,
That love's the burden of his song.

SONG.

The evening sun, with gleaming, golden splendor,
Has sunk behind the fading western hills;
The shimmering moonbeams, falling still and tender,
In silver wreaths the wavelets on the rills;
My bark is moored beside the silent river,
Where zephyrs sigh among the willow-trees,
Where water lilies bloom, whose petals quiver,
And waft their perfume on the fragrant breeze.

REFRAIN.

*Then come with me, love, in my birchen canoe,
And lightly we'll float on the Kalamazoo;
The waters shall ripple 'neath hearts ever true,
As lightly we float on the Kalamazoo.*

Sweet evening bells in yonder church tower chiming
Their tuneful tones float on the trembling air,
And village maidens, arm in arm entwining,
The chapel seek to pass the hour in prayer;
My bark still waits beside the silent river,
Where drooping lindens lave their thirsty leaves,
Where shining minnows rise among the lilies,
And break its mirror into circling waves.

REFRAIN.

*O, come with me, love, in my birchen canoe,
And lightly we'll float on the Kalamazoo,
The waters shall ripple 'neath hearts ever true,
As lightly we float on the Kalamazoo.*

The partridge brown, in yonder wood is drumming,
And robin sweetly warbles on the tree.
Where is my love? and why so long in coming?
I listen for her footfall on the lea.

The whippoorwill in yonder thorn is calling;
What care I now to hear his melody?
She comes, I hear her footsteps lightly falling;
My love! My love! O, now she comes to me!

REFRAIN.

*Then come with me, love, in my birchen canoe,
And lightly we'll float on the Kalamazoo;
The waters shall ripple 'neath hearts ever true,
As lightly we float on the Kalamazoo.*

The wanderer speeds him on his way;
His castle still is far away;
Its shining walls are turning brown;
Its turrets high begin to frown;
But still he sees it here and there,
That fleeting castle in the air.
His face is toward the rising sun,
And soon the flowing straits are won;
He passes Erie's sounding shore,
And listens to Niagara's roar;
Nor stops nor stays he on his way,
By lakelet blue or mountain gray,
Till he has passed the Hudson's stream,
And seen the flashing sunlight gleam

On old Monadnock's hoary sides,
And dark Atlantic's swelling tides.
From Berkshire Hills to Northern Maine,
Long Island Sound to Lake Champlain,
He wanders all New England o'er;
Halts where his fathers dwelt of yore,
And climbs a mountain, gray and bare,
And gazes on the valleys fair;
The ranging hills, which fade in hue
Till they are lost in azure blue;
The winding rills and babbling brooks;
The meadows green and shady nooks;
The blue-eyed, whistling, barefoot boy,
With sun-browned face and heart of joy,
Who goes to call the cattle home,
That by the brook side idly roam,—
He sees them all, and gazing long,
His thoughts well forth in loving song.

SONG.

New England! New England! How dear are thy
hills,
Thy bright, sunny meadows, thy swift-running rills,
That wind through thy valleys and sing to the sea;
How dear is this land of my fathers to me.

How wild are the waves on thy rough, rocky shore,
Their deep-sounding song pealing on evermore
A jubilant anthem, the hymn of the sea;
Yes, dear is this land of my fathers to me.

There 's a vine-covered cottage afar in the West
Where my parents are spending their last days at
rest;
How oft they have told me, New England, of thee!
Yes, dear art thou, home of my fathers, to me.

I can see every spot where in childhood they played,
Every house of a neighbor, each hill and each glade,
Each deep, shady dell, every meadow and lea,
And dear are these homes in New England to me.

But where are the people who used here to dwell,
The tales of whose deeds I have long known so well?
Some have gone far away, some have passed to their
rest;
Now dearer to me is my home in the West.

The few that are left are now aged and bent;
All the strength of their manhood was long ago spent;
Their children have gone from the old home to stay,
And aliens I find in their places to-day.

The meadows are choking with brambles and briers;
Tumbled down and decayed is the home of my sires;
There the foxes have holes, and the ravens their
nest:

I will hasten me back to the great, growing West.

New England, with her humming mills,
Her busy towns and verdant hills,
Her rural homes in sad decay,
Has little charm for him to stay;
No spot he finds that seems so fair
That he would build his castle there.
With lingering looks he turns to go;
His watchword now is "Westward Ho!"

* * * * *

Full many a weary year has passed,
Since that last lingering look he cast
Upon those wild New England hills;
A wilder land his bosom thrills.
A tent is for the time his home;
A mountain torrent, flecked with foam,
Goes rushing wildly, madly by,
And snow-capped mountains pierce the sky.
The valley here spreads out, a plain,

And there is narrowed down again
By frowning cliffs, with rocky ledge
Uprising from the water's edge.
Along the stream a willow wood,
With now and then a cottonwood,
While up the rocky ledges climb
The cedar and the piñon pine,
And join their boughs in friendly clasp
With dwarfened oak and quaking asp.
The cactus grows o'er all the plain,
And makes the desert bloom again;
In graceful curves the buzzards rise
Beyond the reach of human eyes;
Athwart the sky the ravens sail,
Like laboring fleets before a gale.
There's here and there a lonely hut,
From which the arid plain is cut
By lines like silver threads, which gleam
With water from the mountain stream.
In this wild land the wanderer stays,
And tunes at times his mountain lays,
And tells a tale, or sings a song,
As on his way he wends along.
The mountains witch him with their spells;
And thus his tale the wanderer tells: —

“I toiled among the rugged rifts,
Made bare among the lofty cliffs
By swollen torrents’ rushing flow,
When springtime melts the fields of snow.
I sought to view the mountains old,
The valleys deep, and castles bold,
Which nature, with unsparing hand,
Has reared about this desert land.
A vulture caught my watching eye,
As, perched upon a peak full high,
He scanned the broad expanse below,
And watched my motion as to know
What strange intruder now should seek
To scale his craggy mountain peak.
A moment more, with pinions spread,
He soared away above my head
With circles broad, till in the sky
His form no longer I could spy.
I wandered through the cedar wood,
And climbed to where the vulture stood,
And sitting now where he did stand
I view the same wild mountain land.
Beneath my feet the valleys lie,
Where cactus blossoms greet the eye,—
Fair blossoms in a desert land,



"GRIM CLIFFS THAT LOOK LIKE CASTLES OLD."

Where seldom comes the foot of man.
The Wasatch Range before me frowns,
With ragged sides and snowy crowns.
For centuries the bursting storms
Have worn the cliffs to phantom forms,
That now in strange, unwonted ways
Attract the traveler's curious gaze;
Grim cliffs that look like castles old,
With dungeons deep and turrets bold,
With tower, dome, and battlement,
Might well defend a continent;
Great monoliths upraised and lone,
Like sentinels in clay and stone;
To right, to left, on every hand,
These wizard forms before me stand.
From out the mountains I espy
A river sweeping swiftly by.
Along its banks the hand of man
Is building, through these cañons grand,
A railroad with its bands of steel,
Its ties of oak and iron wheel;
For men will never be content,
Till these o'erspread the continent.
The winding grade, with many crooks
And curves to pass the hills and rocks,

Seems, like a serpent, huge and strong,
To crawl its winding way along.
It curves around the river bend,
And climbs along the mountain trend,
Until it passes out of sight
Behind the craggy mountain height.
I see the workmen at their toil,
Mere creeping specks upon the soil.
Along the line those spots of white,
That barely reach my distant sight,
Are graders' camps,— a single tent,
A ring of wagons round it bent,
Great sacks of grain and bales of hay,
Perhaps a little child at play;
Such are the homes where workmen stay,
Till they have built the iron way.
The sun is sinking out of sight,
And fast approach the shades of night;
Now out from quiet mountain dells,
The tinkling sound of cattle bells
Comes softly pleasing to the ear,
Some far away and others near;
In wavy lines and single file,
The cattle come for many a mile,
To quench their thirst and lave their sides,

And rest them at the eventide.
A ranchman rides across the plain,
With jingling spurs and loosened rein;
And as he gallops on in haste,
He seems a speck upon the waste.
I leave the peak and seek my tent,
To ponder on the moments spent
In viewing all these mountains old,
The valleys deep and castles bold.
Now while I pick my way along,
I'll tune my voice to mountain song."

SONG.

All alone I stray upon the mountainside,
Where the tall peaks gray in mystic silence bide;
Every peak, to my eye, in the deep azure sky,
Bears a glorious golden crown. As the sunlight
flashes down,
How it lights up the waves by the mountain caves
Where the torrent roars along its rocky shores.
O, that deep, deep roar! O, that wild, wild roar!
Seething torrents roar! I shall hear, hear it ever,
more.

Mid the lonesome pines the breezes moan and sigh;
From yon towering crag the mountain lion's cry,

From his wild, hidden lair, cuts the quivering air,
Through the moaning of the pines and the rushing
 torrents' roar.

Now its notes die away 'mid the crags so gray;
Still that piercing cry and far-resounding roar
Haunt my inmost heart,—haunt it evermore.
O, that cry and roar! how they haunt, haunt me
 evermore!

Now the sun has sunk behind the mountain's crest,
And the coyote's yelp robs twilight of its rest.
From the dark mountainside quickly downward I
 glide,
And beneath the moaning pines I am sheltered in
 my tent.
Still I hear that cry, still the stream runs by,
And that cry and roar are with me evermore;
Yes, that cry and roar, haunt me evermore;
O, that cry and roar! how they haunt, haunt me
 evermore!

* * * * *

The busy years still fleet along;
The wanderer's voice has lost its song.
His steps that once were blithe and gay,
Now feebly drag along the way.



"BENEATH THE MOANING PINES I AM SHELTERED IN MY TENT."

He never built his castle grand,
Nor did a thing of all he planned,
For all his life, and work, and thought
Have different been from that he sought.
In different fields his seeds were sown;
On other soils his crops were grown.
He dwells not in New England vales,
Nor yet in Rocky Mountain dales,
But where, in youth, a sturdy lad,
He drove the team with beechen gad;
The vine-clad cottage's now his home,
From which he little cares to roam.
His thoughts are often backward cast,
And linger long upon the past,
On little friends of childhood's days,
And laughing boyhood's merry plays:
But most of all his fancies dwell
Among the scenes he loved so well
About the college halls and grounds.
He seems to hear the well-known sounds,
And hurries to the dear old halls,
At that old bell's sweet, loving calls.
The tones from out its swelling throat,
Are tuned to just the same old note;
The boys go hurrying to and fro,

Just as they did long years ago;
They play the same old games again,
And play them just as they did then;
They sing the songs he used to sing;
'T is all the same in everything,
Except the toil and strife and care,
That used to meet him everywhere;
For now it seems it can't be true,
That ever care or grief he knew,
Until, with sad and moistened eye,
He bade the boys, "Dear friends, good-bye."



"FROM WHICH HE LITTLE CARES TO ROAM."

DREAMING.

Read at the meeting of the M. A. C. Alumni, Aug. 15, 1882.

THE shadows of evening are quietly falling,
And draping the earth for its season of rest;
The whippoorwill out in the thorn tree is calling;
With clear, plaintive note to his mate he is calling;
The wild echoes answer him out from the west.

I sit in the gloaming and dream of my roaming,—
My roaming when life seemed all happy and
bright;
And memory comes, bringing, with laughter and
singing,
Whose tones thrill the heart like a fairy bell ringing,
Sweet dreams, overflowing the soul with delight.

Those fairy-like visions have something Elysian,
So sweet and so mellowed by passage of time;
Such tinges of sadness commingled with gladness,
The gladness subdued and refined by the sadness,
Like the harmonics sweet of a musical chime.

And Fancy, her magical pinions outspreading,
Soars away over valley and mountain and plain,

And mingles the past, with its memories olden,
The future, with hopes ever joyous and golden,
And the present, with all of its pleasure and pain.

I see on a mountain a crystalline fountain
Whose waters glide rippling and dancing along;
They peep under ledges, and wind among sedges,
Then wander 'mid fern leaves and thickets and
hedges,
And leap the wild cascades with music and song.

Then, threading the valley, they linger to dally
By meadows and fields that are waving with
grain,
By lakelets that laugh when the merry winds blow
them,
Tall grasses that nod to the nestlings below them,
And sweet clover blossoms that sprinkle the plain.

And as they are flowing, they ever are growing;
The rill is a river that sweeps to the sea;
On its banks there are hamlets and cities abiding,
And boats on its waters at eventide gliding
To meet the great ships floating in from the sea.

Thus ever progressing, they scatter their blessings
From mountain to ocean in bountiful train;

The birds lave their sides in the cool, rippling
waters;

The herds slake their thirst in the health-giving
waters,

Then seek their repose 'neath the trees of the plain.

And now, like the fountain that gushed from the
mountain,

Comes a well-spring of knowledge, pure, priceless,
and grand;

The waters that flow from its bosom are living
Young spirits who, toiling and striving, are giving
The best of their lives for the good of the land.

That fountain of knowledge is the Husbandman's
College,

Where the lord of the soil of its mysteries learns,
Where he searches the caskets of earth for its treasures,

The storm-cloud and sunshine inquiringly measures,
To gather the knowledge for which his soul
yearns.

And hither came thronging the youth who are long-
ing

For merited honor, distinction, and fame,

With forms that are sturdy, and cheeks that are
 ruddy,
And hearts never flinching from labor or study,
“Press Onward” their motto, perfection their aim.

They search the sweet bowers of the wildwood for
 flowers;

They follow the rootlets down deep as they toil;
They trace the crude sap in its upward path going,
As ever from rootlet to leaf it is flowing,
To learn how the plant gets its growth from the
 soil.

They ask of the zephyr that onward is gliding
 What burden of blessings it bears in the air,
How the leaflet shall gather the life it is bringing,
A morsel of food from the atmosphere wringing,
And taking from earth, air, and sunshine a share.

They watch where in hiding the worm is abiding,
 Destroying the plant or the fruit on the tree,
And see a dull worm to a chrysalis changing,
Perchance to a butterfly, lazily ranging
 'Mid flowers and sunshine, gay, tireless, and free.

They follow the tracks of the twisting tornadoes,
 And cyclones in majesty sweeping along,

To learn from their action, when wild with commotion,

The laws which must govern the air in its motion,
And which to its nature and substance belong.

They are working in every department of labor,
And studying every department of thought;
But the gems of their thought and the wealth of
their labor

They bring to ennoble the husbandman's labor,
And help him to rank in the scale as he ought.

For the farmer, who goes to the storehouse of nature,

To gather for all of the nations their bread,
Has ranked, since the earliest days of creation,
Low down in the scale of the world's estimation,
Walked humbly behind, while the warrior led.

The soldiers and statesmen have gone on before him;
Philosophers, poets, and painters, and all
Of the men who have followed more favored vocations,

Where rank must be won by the mind's cultivation,
Stood first, and the husbandman followed them
all.

For he trod in the steps of his fathers before him,
Contented to follow the ways which were known ;
But there woke in his soul a more noble ambition
To rise from his humble and lowly condition,
To make the dark secrets of Nature his own.

His spirit was wakened to new aspirations,
To thirst for more knowledge, more vigor of mind,
With restless endeavor to better his station,
To stand as compared with the rest of the nation,
As honest, as capable, pure, and refined.

He brought to his work all the strength that was in him:
With blows strong and sturdy, he cleared up the
land;
The forests re-echoed the sounds of his chopping;
The prairies were checkered with fields of his crop-
ping;
And plenty rewarded the work of his hand.

Tall spires, pointing upward the pathway to heaven,
Bear witness to all, of his virtue and truth,
While schoolhouses, standing along the broad high-
ways
Or bowered 'mid trees in the cool, shady byways,
Tell well of his care for the culture of youth.

'Tis the fruits of his labor I see in my dreaming,
As thoughts of the future are filling the brain,
And picture our country — a rapturous vision —
The home of free millions, a dwelling Elysian,
Till it seems as if Eden were peopled again,—

Where the husbandman equals the peer in position,
Where virtue and intellect rule in the land,
Where titles to place in the world's estimation
Are based upon virtue, and such education
As brings out the best that there is in the man.

The stars of the evening above me are shining;
The night birds away in the starlight have flown,
And far in the forest their notes are repeating,
The tone softly reaching the ear with its greeting,
The purest and sweetest that ever was known.

My senses now wander in dreamland no longer;
In thought to my old college home I return,
To seek for the fountain, the high inspiration,
The home of the husbandman's new education,
Where he in his hopes for the future may turn.

I find there the fountain with waters upwelling,
Which flow, like the rill of my dream, to the sea;
Its sources lie deep in the hearts of the nation,

In homes of the humble and lowly in station,
And the waters that flow from that fountain are
free.

All honor I'll give to my old Alma Mater;
Good cheer to the children she's sending abroad,
To cheer up the working, awaken the sleeping,
To search out the secrets which nature is keeping,
And bring the world nearer perfection and God.



"IN THOUGHT TO MY OLD COLLEGE HOME I RETURN."

his sword aloft, cheering on his men. I saw Lieut. Dickey fall. He went away as Com-
missary Sergeant, and I promoted him to a
Lieutenancy out of the order of promotion
because of merit—a young man, full of intelli-
gence, steady head and gently, disarming eyes.
And, especially, *He had the look of a man
falling into the rebel lines of my old
Union army.* I picked him up myself, as he
lay farther away, and it was any of his comrades.



"Poor Dickey fell at Gettysburg,
And Benham died, you know."

CLASS OF '61, M. A. C.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Parody written for, and sung at, the meeting of the M. A. C.
Alumni in 1882.

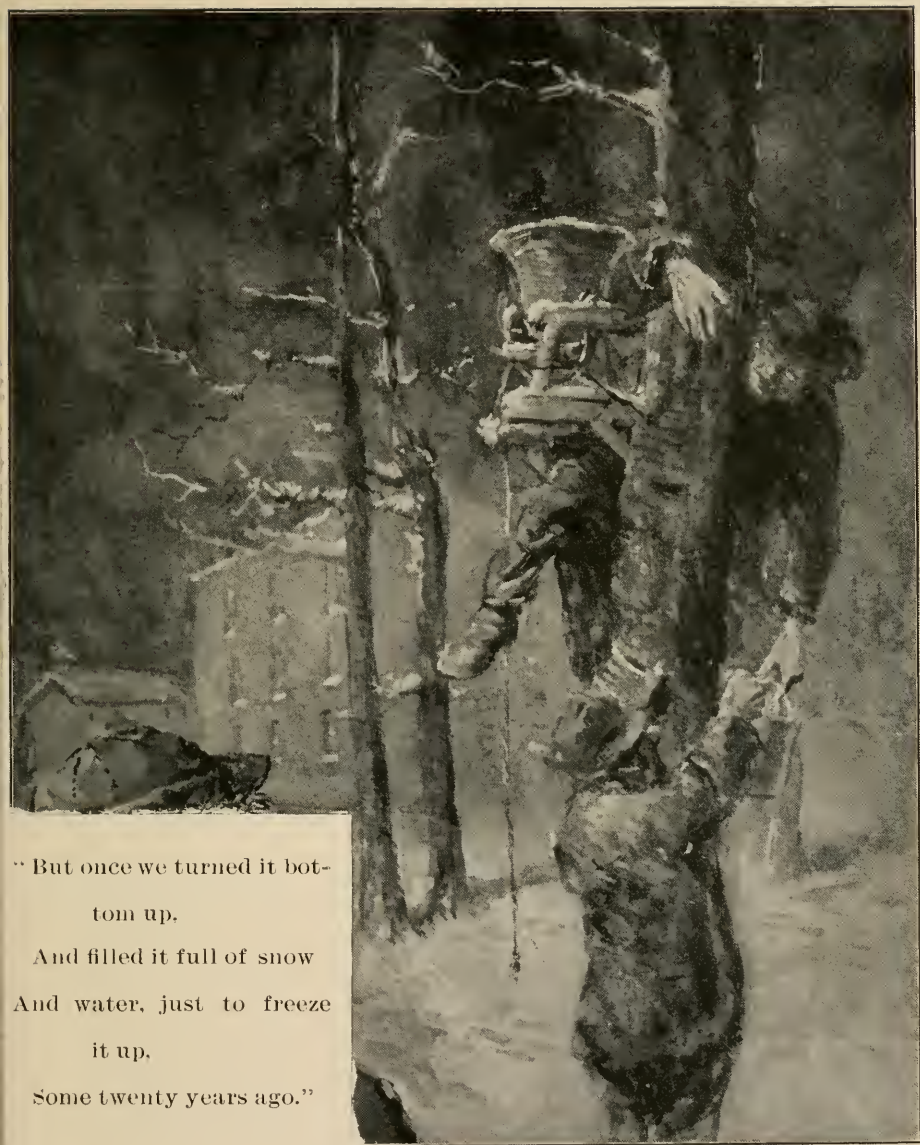
I 'VE wandered round the college grounds,
And sat beneath the tree
That stood upon the river bank,
And sheltered you and me.
And here you are to greet me, chum;
How pleasant 't is, you know,
To meet on these old study grounds
Of twenty years ago,—
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago;
To meet on these old study grounds
Of twenty years ago.

The grass is growing just as green,
And merry lads at play
Are sporting now, as we did then,
With spirits just as gay;
The master dwells upon the hill,
The students come and go;
They love him now, as we did then,
Some twenty years ago,—

Twenty years ago, twenty years ago;
We love him now and loved him then,
Full twenty years ago.

The buildings here have greatly changed,
And some have been replaced
By new ones, little like the ones
Our pencils had defaced.
We miss the Saints'-rest boarding hall;
But the bell swings to and fro
With music just the same as 't was
Full twenty years ago,—
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago;
Its music's just the same as 't was
Full twenty years ago.

How we did hate the rousing bell
That called us out of bed;
For Allen rang it out so loud
We almost wished him dead.
But once we turned it bottom up,
And filled it full of snow
And water, just to freeze it up,
Some twenty years ago,—
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago;



“ But once we turned it bot-
tom up,
And filled it full of snow
And water, just to freeze
it up,
Some twenty years ago.”

It did not ring so loud that time
Some twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still,
The trees along its side
Are larger than they used to be;
The stream is not so wide;
The old log bridge is swept away,
Where oft we used to go
And take a stroll at eventide,
Some twenty years ago,—
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago,
And take a stroll at eventide
Some twenty years ago.

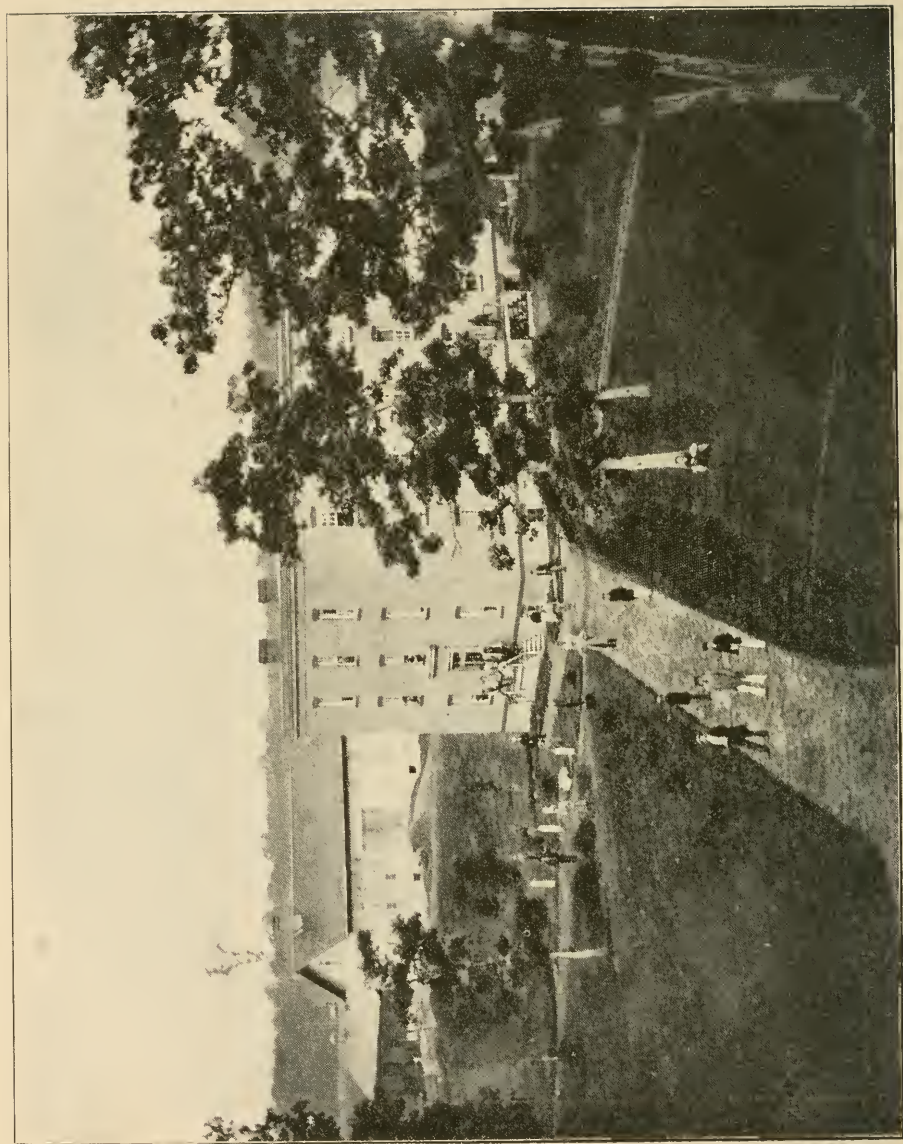
Far up the stream, above the bridge,
Upon a grassy reach,
We had a jolly chicken feast
Beneath a spreading beech.
We roasted it upon the coals;
The kitchen girls, you know,
They furnished us the salt and things
Some twenty years ago,—
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago;
They roosted low, the chickens did,
Some twenty years ago.

Across the stream, upon a beech,
You know I cut my name,
And cut another just below;
And you did yours the same.
Some heartless wretch cut down the tree;
There 's nothing left to show
The place we had such merry times
Some twenty years ago,—
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago;
Ah, those were merry, merry times,
Some twenty years ago.

But now the boys are scattered wide;
And some we ne'er shall see
Astrolling round the college grounds
Along with you and me.
Poor Dickey fell at Gettysburg,³
And Benham died, you know;
They served their country well, those boys
Did, twenty years ago,—
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago;
May we all do as well as they
Did twenty years ago.

"WE HAD A JOLLY CHICKEN FEAST."





"WHERE WE HAVE MET LONG YEARS BEFORE, A HAPPY STUDENT BAND."

ALUMNI GREETING.

Written for the tenth triennial meeting of the M. A. C. Alumni.

God bless you, friends; we meet once more,
And grasp each friendly hand,
Where we have met long years before,
A happy student band.
Each eye grows bright with friendship's light,
And every heart grows warm,
As here we meet and joyful greet
Each old familiar form.

We come old friendships to renew,
Past hours to live again;
To add new links of metal true
To Alma Mater's chain.
And eyes grow bright with filial light,
And every heart grows warm,
As here we meet and fondly greet
Her old familiar form.

We leave behind the busy world,
Its toils, and cares, and strife,

And all the ills which daily spring
From its discordant life.
Our eyes grow bright with friendship's light,
And every heart grows warm,
As here we meet and gladly greet
Each old familiar form.

Too soon again the misty years
Will part us far and wide.
While joys and griefs, and smiles and tears,
Come rolling on their tide.
But memory will ever dwell,
Where'er our footsteps roam,
On the dear old place we love so well —
Our Alma Mater home.



A. J. Cook. C. A. Jewell. E. M. Preston. O. Clute. F. Hodgmann.
M. A. C. CLASS OF '62 IN '93.

What happiness, chum, here to meet you again,
On the spot where, in years that are past,
We planned out the road we would travel
through life,
Leading up to bright mansions at last.
Full often our footsteps have wandered aside,
And often the way was not plain;
But a lodestar attracted our wandering feet,
And has brought us together again.

Ah, do you remember that bright summer eve,
When the master returned from afar,
And we gathered to welcome his fair, bonnie
bride,
By the light of the soft, silver star?
Then music and gladness welled up in our
hearts,
The future seemed joyous and fair;
Where, now, are those voices whose music we
heard
Swelling forth on the soft, summer air?

Those dear friends are scattered in lands far
and wide,
And some from their labors are gone;

The master will nevermore greet you and me ⁴

On the fields where his triumphs were won.

The strength of his manhood has dwindled
away,

And the days of his labor are done;

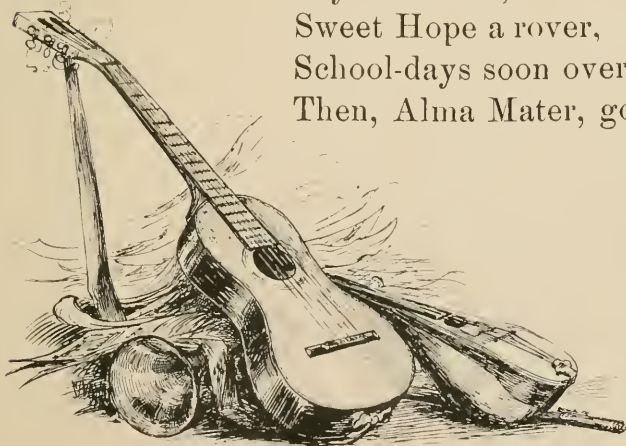
But his works they shall praise him as the years
roll by,

When the master and we, too, are gone.



A SONG, a song for our college days,
And let it be jolly and free;
With rollicking, frolicking notes in their praise,
Come join in the jovial glee.
We'll toot the flute, and the bugle horn
Shall waken the echoes afar;
We'll banish the woes of the maid forlorn,
With the notes of the gay guitar.

Joy is a lover,
Sweet Hope a rover,
School-days soon over,
Then, Alma Mater, good-bye.





The wailing notes of the cat by night
Shall come to an end at last;
His body shall feel the dissecting knife
Or ever the term is past;
We'll chase the butterfly over the lawn,
The honeybee line to his tree;
We'll treat to a minim of chloroform
The hornet and the bumblebee.

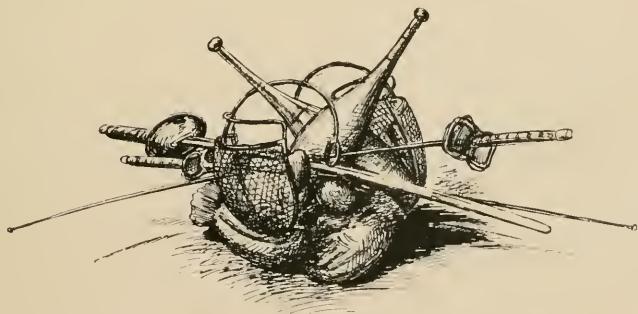
Joy is a lover,
Sweet Hope a rover.
School-days soon over,
Then, Alma Mater, good-bye.





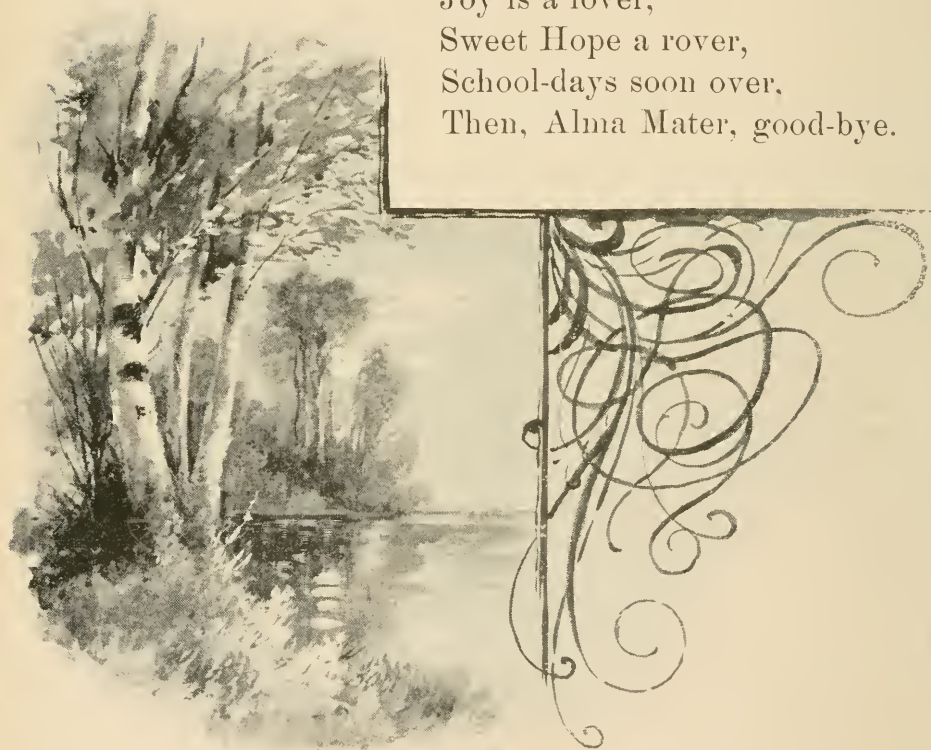
The pippin upon the pippin tree,
The melon upon the vine,
In overall legs they soon shall be,
And the watch-dog chasing behind ;
The turkey that roosts on the barn so high,
The chicken that roosteth low,
Their bones shall be picked so neat and sly
That never the owner shall know.

Joy is a lover,
Sweet Hope a rover,
School-days soon over,
Then, Alma Mater, good-bye.



We'll wander in fancy o'er meadow and green
Adown by the Cedar's flow,
Where the moonbeams shimmer the branches
between,
And merry waves sparkle below;
And the maids we love shall meet us there
By the moonbeams' silvery light;
Our names the big beech tree shall bear
On its bark so smooth and white.

Joy is a lover,
Sweet Hope a rover,
School-days soon over,
Then, Alma Mater, good-bye.



The joyful hours fly swift away,
The toils of life speed on ;
The raven locks soon turn to gray,
When college days are gone.
And yet, and yet, we'll never forget,
When raven locks are hoar,
The loyal friends that here we've met ;
God bless them evermore.

Joy is a lover,
Sweet Hope a rover,
School-days soon over,
Then, Alma Mater, good-bye.



FORTY YEARS AGO.

Written for the Fortieth Anniversary of M. A. C.

How swift the rolling wheels of time, dear chum,
have sped along
Since that old bell's sweet, loving chime first cheered
us with its song,
As we were toiling on our way, with footsteps tired
and slow,
Along the muddy road from town, some forty years
ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
It does not seem that it can be quite forty years ago.

Full many a lad from far and wide had spent the
night in town,
And with the early morning tide were off, for col-
lege bound;
And, as we crossed the river Grand, we watched the
bubbles go
Beneath the wooden bridge that spanned it forty
years ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
The river seems much smaller now than forty years
ago.



"THE CLEFT HAS SPREAD; THE TREE HAS GROWN."

When half the toilsome way was passed, we rested
by the stone

Within whose cleft a cherry pit had taken root and
grown;

The cleft was not so very wide, just half an inch or
so;

The little tree scarce touched its side some forty
years ago,—

Forty years ago ; forty years ago ;

The cleft has spread ; the tree has grown since forty
years ago.

Just as we reached the river bend, we heard the col-
lege bell;

Its mellow tones, so rich and clear, came o'er us like
a spell.

With quickened footsteps on we sped in answer to
its call,

Along the winding road which led us to the college
hall,

Forty years ago, forty years ago ;

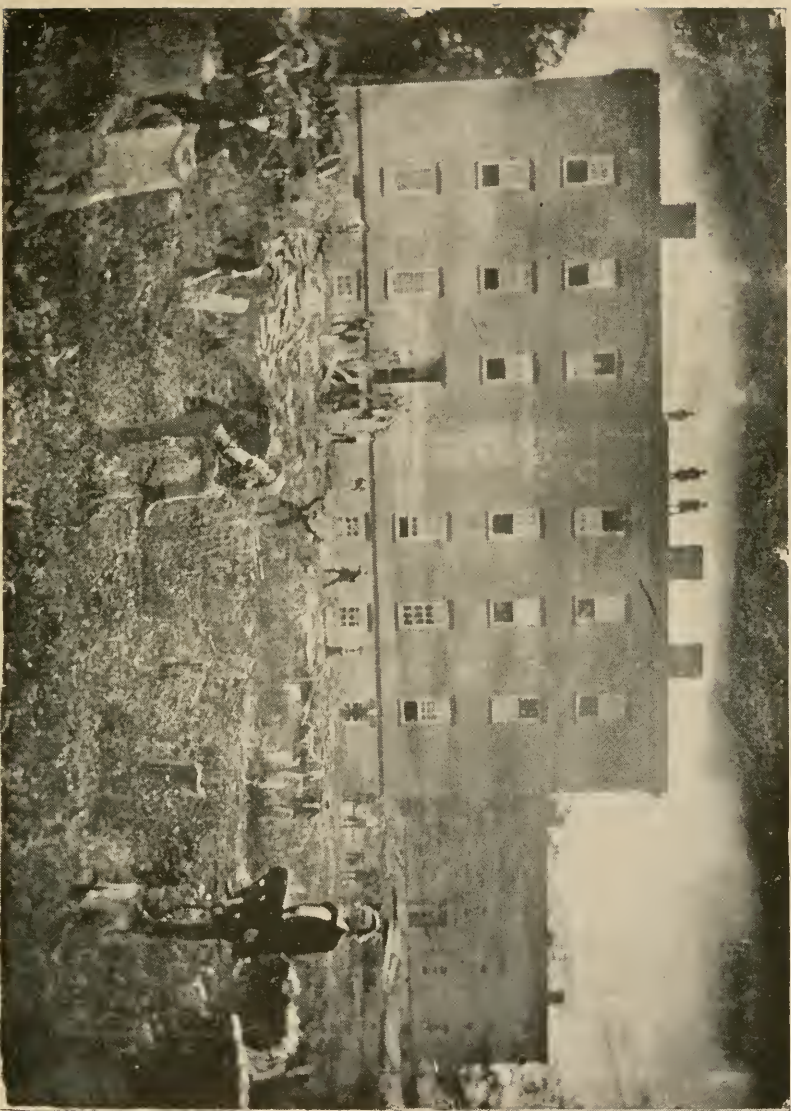
With many a crook and turn it led us, forty years
ago.

We went along the bluffy bank,—the Cedar rolled
below,—

Then past the red-brick cottages all standing in a
row ;
Past pits of clay, and piles of brick still standing in
the kiln,
And o'er a rude and rustic bridge across a little rill,—
Forty years ago, forty years ago;
Great green oak stumps stood all around here, forty
years ago.

A path led past the college hall and close beside the
well,
Across from which a sturdy oak upheld the college
bell;
It ended at the boarding hall which had no name,
you know
We did not call it "Saint's Rest" then, not forty
years ago,—
Forty years ago, forty years ago;
The saints all lived in later times than forty years
ago.

They called us in, examined us; they questioned us
like sin,
Because there were so many boys we could not all
get in.



Dormitory.

"GREAT GREEN OAK STUMPS STOOD ALL AROUND."

College Hall in '57.



THE COLLEGE "57"

"IT SEEMS BUT JUST A LITTLE WHILE SINCE FORTY YEARS AGO."

And some were quickly sent away ; it made them
sad to go,
But happy we who stood the test some forty years
ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
It seems but just a little while since forty years ago.

'T was Williams, Tracey, Fiske, and Holmes who
questioned us that day,
And Enoch Bancker helped along a little in his
way.

The questions came in various ways. From Fiske
we'd seldom know
If right or wrong we'd answered him, some forty
years ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
He's been a college president since forty years ago.

That day he asked a likely lad about his mother
tongue:

“Is English language flexible?” The answer
quickly rung:

“The way that you ask questions, sir, it surely must
be so.”

And then the boys all cheered and laughed some
forty years ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
Prof. Fiske could give or take a joke some forty
years ago.

And when at last we settled down to study and to
work,

Prex Williams lectured to the boys, and taught them
not to shirk.

No matter what his subject was, his lecture would
be half

On pretty points he pointed out about his blooded
calf,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
That calf stood high in Prexy's eye some forty years
ago.

We chopped and logged and cleared the ground;
we cut down lots of trees,

And once upon a time we found one with a swarm
of bees;

We took its store of sweetness in, a hundred weight
of honey,

Which went in triumph to our rooms. We thought
it very funny

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
Next day we did not feel so well, some forty years
ago.

And when we had the surface cleared, we plowed
and dragged it down,
With heavy teams and working tools that mellowed
up the ground.

We hoed the corn, we cradled wheat, we used the
scythe to mow;
For that's the way folks had to do, some forty years
ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
Machines were scarce and costly then, some forty
years ago.

We had some tools of wondrous make to mellow up
the ground;
But one big harrow "took the cake" from all the
tools around;
The teeth were full two inches square and eighteen
inches long:

It took two heavy teams to pull the monstrous thing
along,

Forty years ago, forty years ago ;
That big State drag just beat them all, some forty
years ago.

When neighbor Harrison saw the tool, he gazed on
it with awe.

“ A bigger drag than that State drag,” he said, “ I
never saw.

If that ’s a State drag, what a drag the Nation’s drag
must be ;

And when they use it in the fields, may I be there
to see ” —

Forty years ago, forty years ago ;
I wonder where that drag has gone, since forty years
ago.

One day to show them that we could, we started out
and found

The biggest monarch of the wood in all the country
round ;

And then, with axes keen and sharp, we laid the
monarch low ;



"IF THAT'S A STATE DRAG, WHAT A DRAG THE NATION'S DRAG MUST BE."

They called us vandals for that lark, some forty years ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;

We wished we had not cut that tree some forty years ago.

We pulled up all the green oak stumps that stood about the lawn;

And when at last we had them out, we wished that they were gone;

For every stump brought tons of earth; it took us many a day

To pick it from the pesky things and draw the stumps away,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;

We could not burn the stumps we pulled out forty years ago.

And then we sowed that turnip seed.⁶ The yarn went all around

About such lots and lots of seed sowed on so little ground;

And as it grew, each mother's son who went along the plank

Declared the college must be run by some half-witted
crank,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago ;
The lies were thicker 'n turnip plants were forty
years ago.

We wandered all the country round, by woods, and
fields, and lakes,

Wherever insects could be found, or birds, or fish,
or snakes;

We gathered in a lot of them ; most anything would
go

Into the College Museum some forty years ago,—

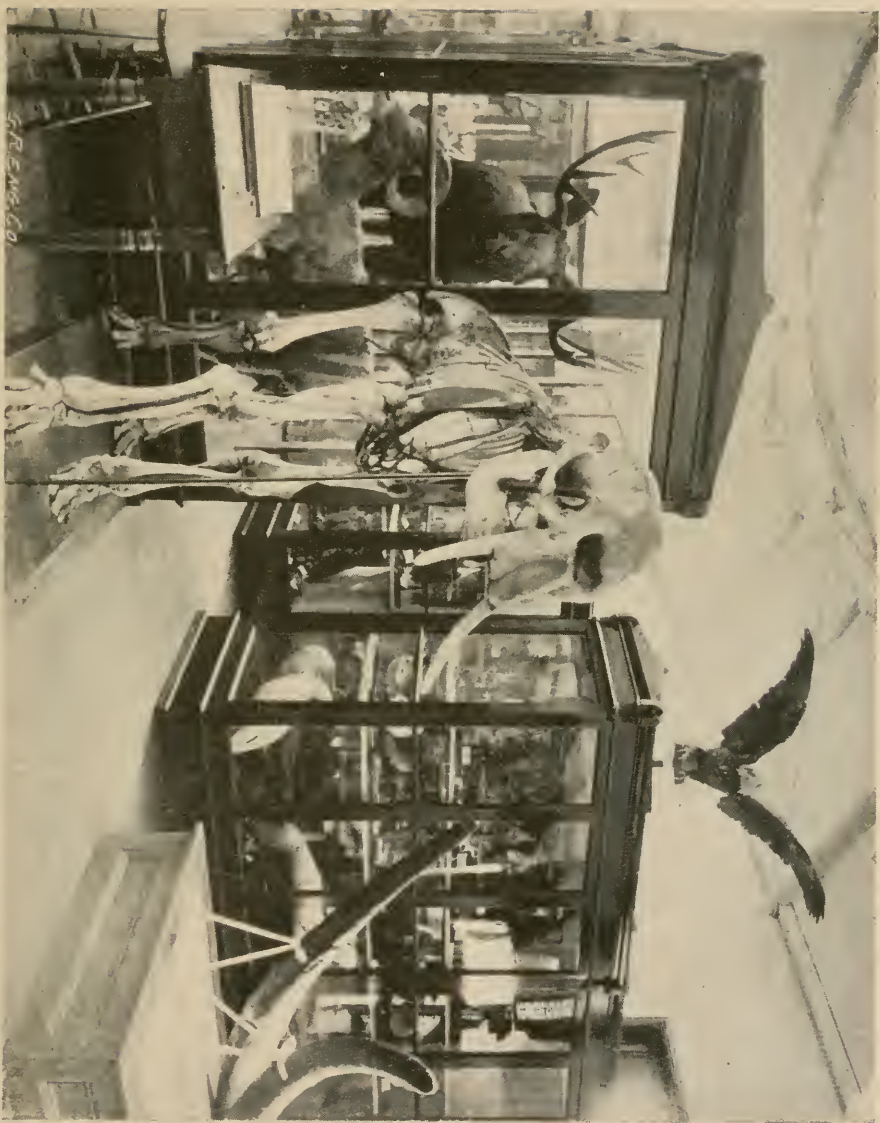
Forty years ago, forty years ago ;
I wonder if they 've kept them all since forty years
ago.

We tussled hard with grammar and with rhetoric
and logic,

Philosophy, and chemistry, and algebra, and physics ;
But when we had geometry, they cut our class in two ;
To hear us all within an hour was 'more than they
could do,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago ;
'T was then we had a merry strife most forty years
ago.

"MOST ANYTHING WOULD GO INTO THE 'COLLEGE MUSEUM.'"



The classes came at different hours; the theorems
were the same;

Who 'd demonstrate most in an hour, the victory
could claim.

We tried it for a week or more; each class would
winner be, [three,—

But they gave up at eighty-four, when we did ninety-

Forty years ago, forty years ago;

That made Prof. Tracey proud of us some forty years
ago.

We studied trigonometry, and did some land survey-
ing;

We mixed up physiology with harvesting and hay-
ing; [toes,

We studied horticulture 'mid the turnips and toma-
And spent our time at botany 'mid posies and pota-
toes,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago ;

We had to work and study hard, some forty years
ago.

The jolliest time in all the year was when we went
to town,

And visited the Fem. Sem. girls,⁷ each in her pretti-
est gown;

But things have greatly changed since then; the
Fem. Sem. had to go;
It's been a school to teach the blind since forty
years ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
Miss Rogers had some splendid girls there forty
years ago.

Once in the pleasant summer tide, a balmy eve in
June,

Prof. Abbot brought his bonny bride; we sang for
them a tune.

'T was "Take her, but be faithful still." We sang
it sweet and low

Amid the drooping evergreens, some forty years
ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
How well we loved and honored him, 'most forty
years ago.

And then came on the anxious days when all the air
was rife

With rumors of the Southern craze, which sought
the nation's life;

When Lincoln ran for president, and Seward spoke
in town,



"WE WENT IN FARMERS' UNIFORM."

We organized a Lincoln club, and all of us went
down,

Forty years ago, forty years ago;

We nearly all were Lincoln men some forty years
ago.

We went in farmers' uniform, to stand up for the law,
In wamus blue and overalls and jaunty hats of
straw,

On wagon racks and horses' backs, or any way to go,
The day that we heard Seward speak 'most forty
years ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;

He shook our hands, and we felt grand 'most forty
years ago.

Then came the weary evil days of civil war and strife;
And some of us went marching out to save the na-
tion's life;

And some came back with honors crowned, and
some were stricken low;

They 've lain at rest in Southern ground since forty
years ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;

We 've sung for them a requiem since forty years
ago.

And now, dear chum, we're here again upon the
same old ground;
But nothing seems the same to us except the bell's
sweet sound.
We came upon a trolley-car, ten minutes' ride or so;

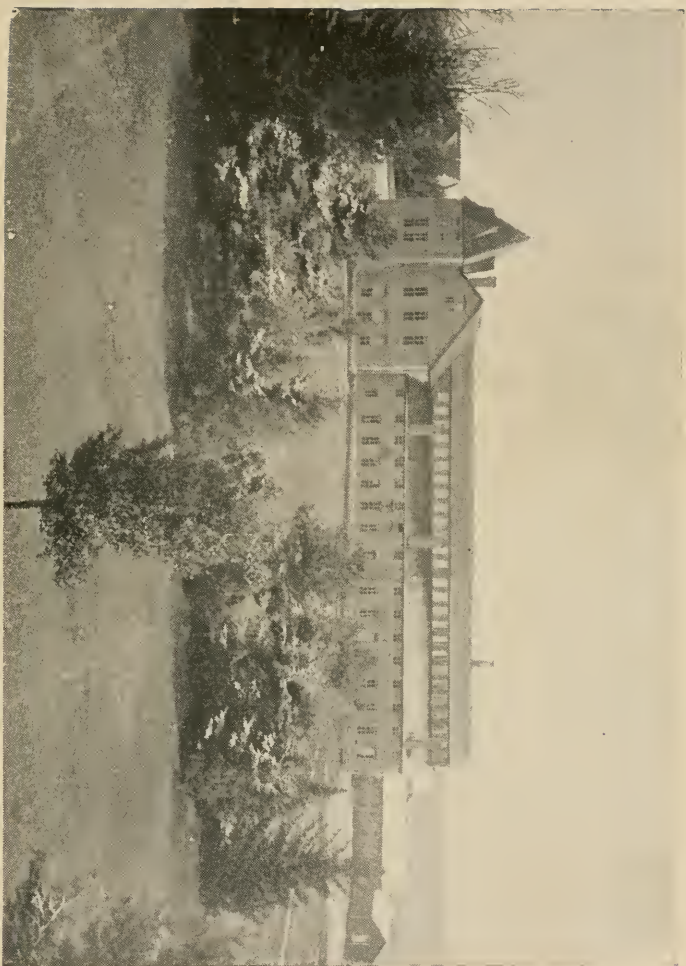


“WE CAME UPON A TROLLEY-CAR.”

It is not like the walk we took some forty years
ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
It took an hour to walk from town some forty years
ago.

New buildings stand on every side, new faces all
around;
The Co-ed beats the Fem. Sem. girl we used to meet
in town.



"NEW BUILDINGS STAND ON EVERY SIDE."

I cannot find the boarding hall; I need some one to
show

Me where the places are I loved so, forty years
ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
It does not seem such change could come since forty
years ago.

I miss our old-time faculty; not one of them is
left,

Of all the men who taught us then. I feel like one
bereft;

For some are sped, and some are dead; there's little
left to show

Of all we loved and cherished here some forty years
ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
It seems just now as if it was a hundred years ago.

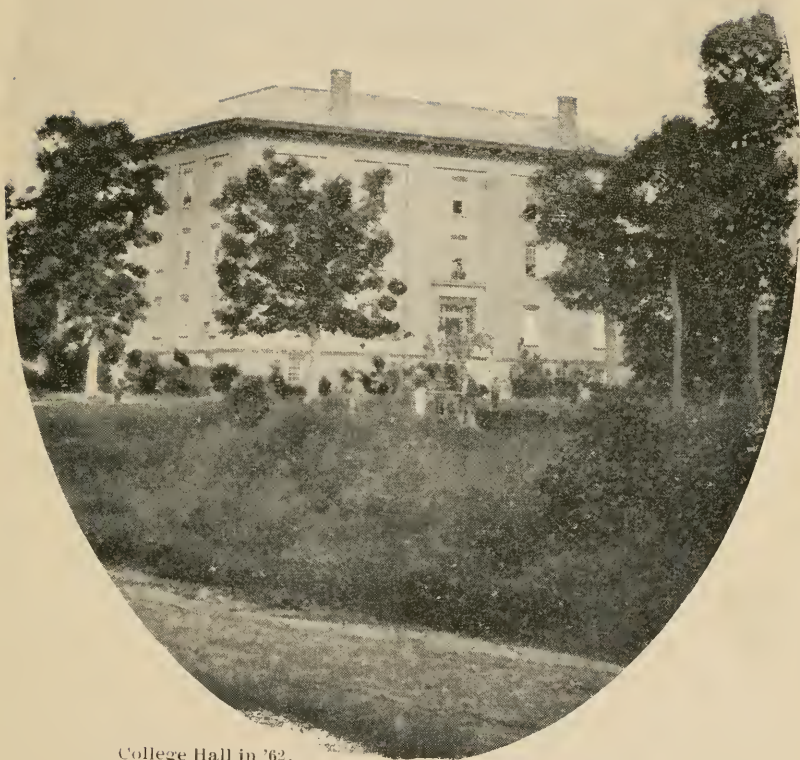
But through all changes that have passed, and all
that yet may come,

Our hearts still fondly turn at last to our old college
home.

She is our joy, our hope, our pride; no other place
below

Can warm our hearts as she has done since forty
years ago,—

Forty years ago, forty years ago;
Our hopes and prayers have been for her since forty
years ago.



College Hall in '62.

'OUR HOPES AND PRAYERS HAVE BEEN FOR HER.'

THE MICHIGAN PIONEER.

'T is many a year
Since the brave pioneer
In Michigan first made his dwelling;
And dainty and sweet
Was the bloom at his feet,
When the bright vernal blossoms were
swelling.

The humming of bees
Was heard on the breeze,
As through the wild bloom they were flying;
And the music of birds
In the springtime was heard,
As the songsters their voices were trying.

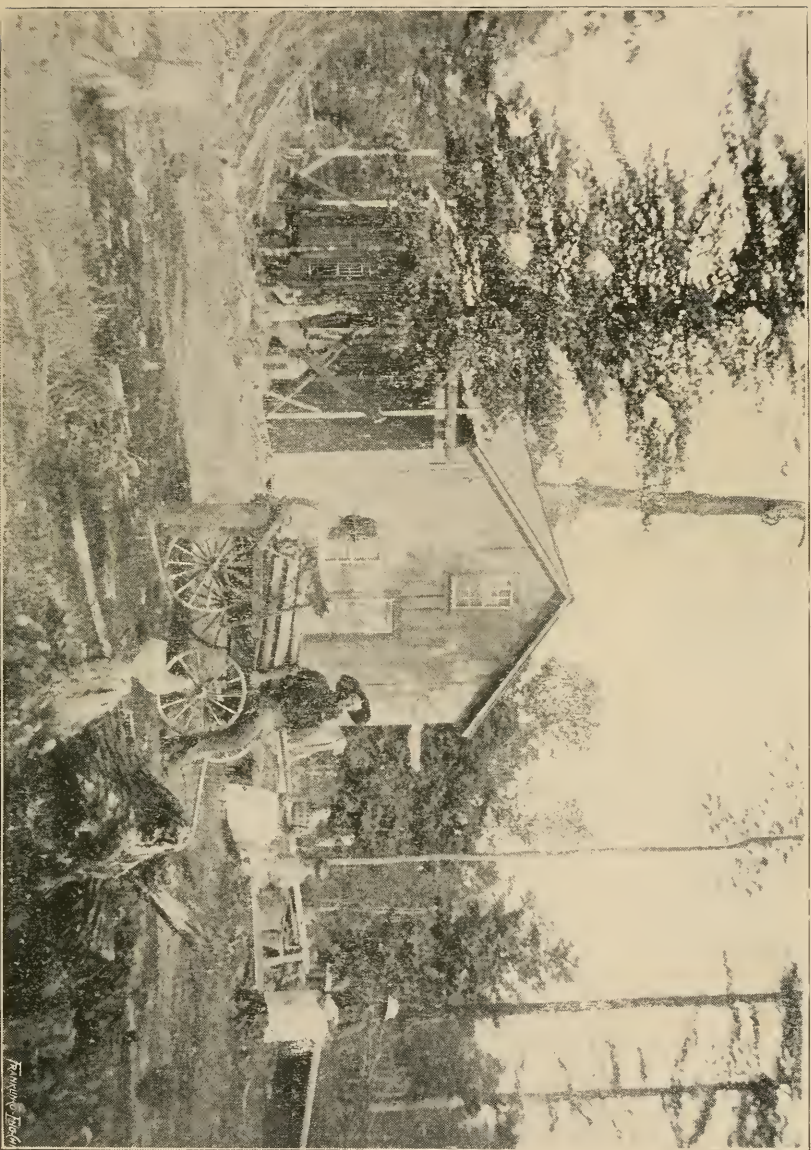
At sunrise, their crow,
Sounding distant and low,
Told of prairie grouse out in the gloaming,
While turkeys and deer,
Unaccustomed to fear,
Through the glades of the forest were roaming.

At times there would come
The sharp rattle and drum
Of the woodpecker, noisily rapping,
With jubilant glee,
On some dead oaken tree,
Or old rail that would ring with his tapping.

“ Bob White ! ” sang the quails,
As the toiler split rails,
To fence in the fields he was clearing;
And from bush and from tree
Came the songs, wild and free,
Of the catbird and thrush to his hearing.

With his rifle in hand
And his dogs at command,
The pioneer wandered at pleasure,
To seek for a home
Where his children might come,
And gather from earth her rich treasure.

He felled the great trees,
And upborne by the breeze
Was their smoke, when the fallow was
burning;



FRANCIS TUCKER

“HE FELLED THE GREAT TREES.”

He plowed up the sods,
And he mellowed the clods,
Which his teams with the plowshare were
turning.

Those teams were a sight^s
For the poets' delight,
With their long rows of horses and cattle,
That with step slow and strong,
Went amarching along,
Like an army that goes to the battle.

They all seemed to bow,
As the great breaking plow
Through the turf and the roots went a tearing,
And loudly the shout
Of the drivers rang out,
And crack went the whips they were bearing.

At setting of sun,
Then their labor was done,
Then the yokes and the chains ceased to
rattle,
And away went the teams
To the pastures and streams,
To gather new strength for the battle.

At first peep of day,
A lad hurried away,
Though the dewy grass gave him a soaking,
Till he found by the bells
The retreat in the dells
Of the oxen he drove to the yoking.

When his planting was done,
And his crops had begun
To send forth their leaves, and were growing,
Then with rifle and scythe,
And with steps strong and blithe,
The pioneer went to his mowing.

And there in the heat,
While the snakes at his feet
Oft startled his ear with their rattle,
He toiled day by day,
As he gathered the hay
Which in winter he fed to his cattle.

Though the prairies were fair,
And the blossoms were rare,
And game through the forest was bounding,

And nature had done
All she could for her son,
And her fruits all around were abounding;

Yet trials and care
Found a place everywhere;
There was sickness and toil without ending;
With hopes there came fears,
And with joy there came tears,
And 'mid thanksgivings, prayers were as-
cending.

For worse than the snakes
That he met, were the shakes
Of the ague, which took him, and bound him
With fever and chills
And malarial ills
From the swamps and the lowlands around
him.

And then he must fight,
Both by day and by night,
That his crops and the stock he was raising
Should not fall a prey,
Or be taken away
By the robbers he often was chasing.

For the deer ate his wheat,
And the bears stole his meat
From the pen where his pigs were im-
pounded;
While by night or at morn
The raccoons took his corn
To the woods, which his clearing surrounded.

The foxes stole fowls,
And at twilight the howls
Of the gray wolves were heard in his pasture;
And he thought with a sigh
Of the sheep which must die,
If to save them he sped not the faster.

As time passed along,
He grew rugged and strong,
And he conquered the foes which annoyed
him;
The future he viewed,
With his courage renewed,
As he wrought out the tasks which employed
him.

He has cleared up the land,
And has built on each hand

The red schoolhouse, the church, and the dwelling;
And barns which are stored
With a plentiful hoard,
Which his crops in their bounty are swelling.

His voice has been heard
In the sound of each word
That has been for humanity spoken,
While for justice and truth,
And the culture of youth,
His promise has never been broken.

The orchard and field
Give him bountiful yield
Of their fruitage, to add to his pleasures;
His grandchildren play
At his feet by the way,
His heart's dearest, happiest treasures.

His tasks are well done,
And, as low falls the sun,
The pioneer rests from his labors;
The life he has spent
Has been crowned with content,
To the joy of his children and neighbors.

All honor and cheer
To the brave pioneer,
Though with years he's returning to child-
hood;
His labors have made
Smiling fields of the glade,
And a garden in place of the wild-wood.

THE MEETING OF THE PIONEERS.

WE come with joy and gladness
To spend this happy day;
Good-bye, dull care and sadness,
Let trouble fly away;
For here we 'll talk, and laugh, and sing.
While memory bears on silver wing
The good old fashioned ways
Of pioneering days.

We leave behind the fallow
And fields of yellow corn;
Sweet memories olden hallow
This glorious autumn morn;
To-day let youth and maidens sing,
While aged men their stories bring
To tell the world in praise
Of pioneering days.

We 'll toil again in story,
The favored land to gain,
And view the wondrous glory
Of blossoms on the plain;

The woodman's ax again shall swing,
The rifle shot through forest ring;
We 'll sing again the lays
Of pioneering days.

We 'll not forget the loved ones
Upon the shining shore,
Nor ask what fate the future
May have for us in store;
For while we banish care and pain,
Memory brings a sweet refrain
Of half-forgotten lays
From pioneering days.

THE GRANGER'S DREAM, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Written for the Farmer's Institute at Schoolcraft,
Feb. 3 and 4, 1881.

A GRANGER one night by his fireside was sitting,
When merry brown leaves through the meadows
were flitting,

And chill autumn winds piled them up at his door.
Of winter's approach they were giving him warning,
And Jack Frost had been there quite early one
morning,

And killed his verbenas, a fortnight before

His flocks were all carefully sheltered and eating,
His wife the last duties of evening completing,

The children all tucked away snugly to rest;
The stove with a row of small shoes was surrounded;
The last stroke of nine from the clock had just
sounded,

As Luna's last beams faded out in the west.

The farmer who sat there was silently musing;
His hand on the shovel he just had been using
To cover the embers of fire for the night.

His thoughts, the results of his year's work were
summing,
And how to prepare for the winter now coming,
What work to begin with the morning's first light.

His wheat must be drawn ; for he had contracted
A lot at a dollar. The buyer expected
Delivery made while the going was good.
And now in his mind 't was a serious question
What course to pursue, if it was not the best one
To sell all he had at the price as it stood.

He would sell off his hogs — for the cholera threat-
ened —
At least would dispose of all those which were fat-
tened
Sufficiently well for the market's demands.
Some of them now he discovered were ailing;
In a day or two more they 'd be rapidly failing;
He must sell them off soon, or they 'd die on his
hands.

The best he could do, they would dock him a quarter
On sick hogs unfit for the regular slaughter,
And that was as much as he thought he could
stand.

There was corn yet to husk, to be done in a hurry,
A dairy to build, and that made him worry —
He did n't know just how he wanted it planned.

For he was no slouch, on his farm or in movement,
And nothing would do but the latest improvement:
His stock, tools, and buildings must be of the best;
His crops were all planted and gathered in season;
He made the best use that he could of his reason,
And left the good Lord to take care of the rest.

As thoughts of his dairy kept ever returning,
He made up his mind he would go the next morning
And see how friend Adams's suited his mind;
If that did not please him, he'd visit his neighbors,
And see what had been the result of their labors,
And which was the best one of all he could find.

And that was not all. There was many a question
On which he would like a good friendly suggestion
From men of known judgment and practical skill;
If he could but meet them, and cordially greet them,
And talk up these troublesome matters between them,
How easy 't would be all the trouble to kill !

That thought bred another: "Why can't we, I wonder,

Have meetings of farmers residing asunder,

Especially those who have proven their skill,

And call it an institute, farmers' convention,

Or any good name that will help the invention —

It will be just the thing, call it what name you will.

"And now I remember the college at Lansing,

Intent on the good of the farmers advancing,

Has taken this very same business in hand.

I'll speak to the Grange at the very next meeting;

We'll send to the college a neighborly greeting;

And ask the professors to help what they can."

In this way the Granger continued to ponder,

In dreamland his senses beginning to wander,

When down came the fire-shovel, bang! on the floor.

He woke with a shiver, to hear his wife calling.

"Come, hurry to bed," she was lustily calling ;

"I've wound up the clock, and have fastened the door.

"Don't sit by the stove there and keep me in waiting,

Till midnight my slumber and night's rest belating;

I need all the rest I can get — yes, and more.

You'll catch a bad cold, and be grunting to-morrow;
You've done it before, as you know to your sorrow.

Come, Jamie, don't stay there, I beg and implore."

Of course there was nothing to do but to mind her;
Experience warned him he surely would find her

Correct in her judgment — 't was just so before.
He had settled the cares on his mind to his liking,
So when the old clock the next hour was striking,

It mingled its resonant chime with his snore.

But still, as he slept, there attended his slumber
A host of new visions, and dreams without number,

Of meetings, discussions, and greeting of friends;
Of talks about sowing and planting and drilling;
New truths in his mind he was busy instilling,

When morn brought his visions abruptly to end.

But the plan seemed so good that he set right about
him

(The neighbors would never begin it without him),

And told all his Grange of the work he had planned;
They listened at first with surprise at the measure,
But quickly agreed to assist him with pleasure,

And scatter the tidings all over the land.

That work must be done which is full of attraction
For men who despise a dull life of inaction,

And farmers are those who will have it to do.
In orchard and meadow and every surrounding,
The secrets of nature are richly abounding;

The farmer is he who must bring them to view.

For those who attended were men for improvement,
Who always stand ready to join any movement

Which promises well for a better return
From lands they are plowing, or dragging, or sowing,
Or crops they are harvesting, threshing, or mowing,
Or stock which they give their most careful concern.

They felt that the farmer must be his own teacher,
Must do as good brain-work as lawyer or preacher,

And make a strong intellect help out his hand;
That he who is idle while others are doing,
Will lose the advantage which they are pursuing,
And find himself left with the laggardly band.

So they called to their aid the professors from
college,

And farmers about, of sound practical knowledge,
To speak on the topics in which they were skilled;

They asked every one to come in with suggestions,
And talk upon practical, common-sense questions,
With these and with music the time to be filled.

When winter had come, with its frost and its sleighing,

And over the ice the swift skaters were playing,
The farmers and grangers from far and from near
Assembled to carry their plan to perfection,
To bring their best work for each other's inspection,
At each other's homes to enjoy the good cheer.

And there they discussed the inherent relations
Of crops to the soil, and the plain indications
That principles give of the course to pursue ;
And instanced a great many good illustrations,—
Experiments tried on the farmer's plantations,—
All going to show that they held the right view.

The sum of it all was, they got the thing started ;
And when it was over, the company parted
And wended their way to their several homes ;
Each carried home with him a novel idea,
To test on his farm, in the course of the year,
And tell how it worked when next Institute comes.

Now each passing winter brings with it a meeting,
The lessons of practical wisdom repeating,
 The interest increasing as years pass along.
The wave of instruction, now fairly in motion,
Will spread till it reaches the shores of the ocean,
 And Maine shall respond to the far Oregon.

Then the farmer, who furnishes food for the nation,
Will gain the most thorough and best education,
 To fit him for aught he is called on to do :
Whether giving his fields the best-known cultivation,
Or framing the statutes which govern the nation,
 His work will be diligent, honest, and true.

And then he'll no longer be looked on with pity
Or children desert him for homes in the city ;
 For the best in the world is the true country home,
Where the air is the purest and skies are the brightest,
And meadows are greenest, and hearts are the lightest,
 And everything freest in nature to roam.

It may not be our time when this shall prove real,
And "Accomplished" shall stand in the place of
 " Ideal,"
But millions are working to bring the time near ;

And where shall we find, in the wide world around
us,

Signs of its coming like those which surround us?

And where is it nearer accomplished than here?

There are brooks that go rippling through opening
and meadow,

Then seeking the glen where the forests o'ershadow,

Or winding 'mid sedges and ferns to the sea;

There are prairies that seem like a part of the ocean,

Where the waving grass looks like the sea, in its
motion,

And bobolinks warble their carols with glee.

There are farmhouses standing along the broad
highways;

And children disporting themselves in the byways,

Where the hazelnuts grow, and the mandrake is
found;

There are flocks still increasing the husbandman's
treasures;

Fruits and flowers all around him to add to his
pleasures,

And crops that in fulness encumber the ground.



We have come from those homes and have met on
this prairie,
Whose beauties might grace the abode of a fairy,
And find that a grand hospitality reigns.
With welcomes as broad as your prairies you
meet us ;
With welcomes as warm as your hearthstones you
greet us ;
With generous friendship and naught that con-
strains.

We give you our thanks for these tokens around us,
For all of the comforts we 've had to surround us, —
The pleasures enjoyed as we 've met with you here ;
And when we shall go on our way in the morning,
Let us hope we shall all meet again in the dawning
Of that better day we are working for here.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

'T WAS in my budding manhood
I left my father's home
And loving friends behind me,
In distant lands to roam.
The world was wide before me ;
I sought to view it o'er,
And gain whatever fortune
It had for me in store.

My hopes were high and ardent ;
They bound me like a spell,
As to my friends and loved ones
I said a long farewell.
My father said, " Good-bye, John ;
Where'er you go, be true,
And never give us reason
To be ashamed of you."

Full forty years had vanished,
Long years of toil and gain,
And never to the old home
Had I been back again.

My friends were not forgotten ;
But we dwelt so far apart
That they were but a memory
Engraven on the heart.

Those years have left me wrinkled ;
My hair is thin and gray.
I'm visiting the old home,
But do not care to stay ;
For all are gone who loved me,
Not one old friend to cheer ;
The place is home no longer ;
For mother is not here.

The merry brook is swirling,
And babbling sweet and low,
Just as it swirled and babbled
Those forty years ago ;
But fences block the pathway,
The rustic bridge is gone,
And so are all the oak-trees
That stood upon the lawn.

My father's old log cabin
No longer can I find ;

There's little that I used to love
That now is left behind.
A finer house and larger
Usurps the cabin's place,
And all I meet are strangers —
Not one familiar face.

My parents both are resting
Upon the shining shore :
My brother Tom went sailing ;
We never saw him more :
And Willie was a soldier ;
They left him with the slain ;
And Katie wed a doctor ;
We never met again.

The world has used me kindly ;
I have money and to spare,
A loving wife to cheer me,
And children strong and fair ;
I have house and lands in plenty,
And neighbors kind and true,
And flocks, and herds, and grain fields,
As fine as ever grew.

But still, 'mid all the blessings
That crown my worldly lot,
My heart kept backward turning
To father's humble cot ;
To satisfy its yearnings,
I 've wandered back again ;
But not a soul is here now
Who used to greet me then.

Though things have sadly altered,
And nothing is the same,
And some dear dreams are shattered,
I 'm more than glad I came ;
For back to wife and children
My heart turns strong and true ;
How dear to me my blessings are,
Before, I never knew.

COUNTRY BYWAYS.

I LOVE in the wild country byways to rove
When spring-tide is swelling the buds in the grove,
When ferns are uncoiling themselves from the
ground;
Where Jack-in-the-pulpit and cowslips abound,
And blue Johnny-jump-ups are scattered around,
With spring-beauties, wood lilies, and roses.

I love in the back-country byways to roam,
Where the thrush and the song-sparrow warble at
home;
Where the woodpecker drums on some dry, hollow
tree,
And the red squirrels race in exuberant glee;
Where the bees and the humming-birds gather their
fee
From the buttercups, clover, and daisies.

I love in these back-country byways to roam
When the hot dusty days of the summer have come;
Where the broad leafy tree tops protect from the
heat,

And blue-bells and violets bloom at my feet;
'Tis there I find rest and contentment complete
 'Mid the tall nodding grasses and posies.

I love in the back-country byways to roam
When the glorious days of October have come;
When the oaks are still clad in their mantles of green,
And maples and sumach in scarlet are seen,
While orange and yellow leaves peep out between
 Them from sassafras, poplars, and walnuts.

I love in these wild country byways to rest
And be of the robin and bluejay the guest;
To sit on some old mossy log at my ease,
Where the squirrels are dropping down nuts from
 the trees,
Where the quails with their little ones roam as they
 please
 Through the brown rustling leaves by the wayside.

I love through these byways in winter to ride,
With content in my heart, and my wife by my side;
Where the white fleecy snow lies in peace where it fell,
And the sleighing is best in the deep woody dell,
When there comes from afar the sweet tones of a bell,
 And the stars scatter gems by the wayside.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

HE is passing down the streets,
And he nods to those he meets
 On his round;
But his steps are far from strong,
As he wends his way along
 Through the town.

Full forty years have passed
Since the doctor's lot was cast
 With us here;
And from many a grievous ill
He has saved us by his skill
 Every year.

When at first I used to meet
Him walking out upon the street,
 Years ago,
There was vigor in his form,
And his heart was young and warm,
 Well I know.

Then he went from place to place
With a pleasant, smiling face,
 On his way;

And full many a grateful heart
Blessed his kindly healing art
Every day.

Now he's thin, and old, and gray;
He's had trials in his day,
Toil and care;
Care for loved ones of his own,
Care for others' ailments shown
Everywhere.

He is coming here once more;
Wife! He's rapping at the door;
Let him in.
I am tired and faint and weak;
I would gladly with him speak;
Let him in.

Soon he'll pass from earth away
And the crown of life that day
He will win.
Then his strength will be renewed
And his trials turned to good;
Let him in.

MARCH, 1894.

IF March comes in like a lion,
It will go out like a lamb ;
For that's the way the weather works.
So says my Uncle Sam :
But if it comes in smiling,
It will leave us with a roar ;
The weather prophets so have said
For fifty years or more.

Now half of March is over,
And the weather's been like May ;
O, how we would enjoy it
If spring were here to stay !
The lilac buds are opening,
The crocuses in blow ;
It will make us quake and shiver
If there comes another snow.

There goes a pair of robins,
Hopping up and down the lawn ;
I heard them up and singing
Before the peep of dawn :

And here there comes another one
Just spoiling for a fight ;
Now every robin's pitching in
That's anywhere in sight.

How they do scream, and clatter,
And go whirling all around,
Now up among the apple trees,
Now down upon the ground ;
And now the fight is over,
And they sing a different tune.
According to the prophecy,
They are here a while too soon.

Just hear that crow a-cawing,
Making music most forlorn.
I'll give you goss, old fellow,
If I catch you in my corn ;
A dose of double B's will make
You sing another tune.
I think, my dandy crow, that you
Have come a little soon.

The bluebirds came two weeks ago ;
I heard their merry "tweet ;"

And sapsuckers were picking holes
 To get the maple's sweet ;
 The frogs are peeping in the ponds ;
 The turtle pipes his tune ;
 It seems as if the spring has come ;
 I fear it 's here too soon.

The buds are all aswelling,
 And the grass is looking green ;
 The wheat-fields look as handsome now
 As one has ever seen ;
 Men work without their jackets,
 And the sun is hot at noon.
 I hope to goodness gracious
 That spring has not come too soon.

* * * * *

How good I felt a week ago !
 The weather was so nice,
 As if the very spring had come,
 And banished snow and ice.
 The apple buds were swelling,
 And the early flowers in bloom ;
 But I felt a little anxious,
 Lest they 'd opened out too soon.

I tidied up the dooryard,
And I went to some expense
In slicking up the garden
And in putting up some fence ;
I trimmed my peach and apple trees,
And staked my berry vines ;
Of coming wintry weather,
There were not the slightest signs.

I sowed some early garden seed,
Some lettuce and some peas ;
I thought it hardly probable
There 'd be a heavy freeze ;
But Saturday the weather changed,
And in the night it snowed,
And now the ground is froze so hard
'T will bear the biggest load.

I saw some little chippie-birds
At work upon a nest ;
I guess that now they 'll wait awhile,
And take a little rest ;
For there 's snow enough for sleighing,
And the mercury 's down to 10°,
As if the very winter time
Had come to us again.

I had lotted on my cherries,
And my peaches, and my plums,
Expecting such a lot of fruit
When picking time should come ;
But now the buds are blasted,
And my heart is full of gloom.
I wonder why the Lord should send
The spring along too soon.

WHAT I WOULD BE.

THE SONG OF THE ENGINEER.

FULL many a song has the poet sung
Of the sailor upon the sea,
When the sails are spread, and his hammock swung,
And the winds are piping free.
When the howling blast has tattered the sail,
And beat down the foaming sea,
There's many a hero has braved the gale;
But never a sailor I'd be.

Chorus.—

But never a sailor I'd be,
No, never a sailor I'd be;
Let them follow the sail who love the gale;
But never a sailor I'd be, I'd be.

And many a song has the poet sung
Of the cottage beneath the hill;
Where the farmer dwelleth his flocks among
By the bend of the purling rill;

Where the green grass grows, and the water flows,
And the wheat waves like the sea;
Where the air is sweet with clover and rose;
Yet never a farmer I'd be.

Chorus.—

Yet never a farmer I'd be,
No, never a farmer I'd be;
The clover and rose are sweet to me ;
But never a farmer I'd be, I'd be.

The lawyer may study his musty tomes
For the laws of a thousand years ;
The doctor visit the stricken homes
Where sickness or death appears ;
The preacher may plead with his fellow man,
And offer salvation free
To win an immortal soul if he can,
But neither of these I'd be.

Chorus.—

But neither of these I'd be,
No, neither of these I'd be ;
For the labor that filleth my heart with cheer
Is the work of the civil engineer.

I'll follow my craft o'er the world's domain
By mountain, by river and sea,
And I'll mark out the lines with my transit and chain
Where the marts of the world shall be.
I will tunnel the hills, and I'll water the plains;
Full many a track will I build,
Where the cars shall roll in majestic trains
With the wares of the nations filled.

Chorus.—

An engineer I'd be,
An engineer I'd be;
For the labor that filleth my heart with cheer
Is the work of the civil engineer.

I will bridge the straits, and the rivers I'll span,
And their beds I will tunnel through,
While the boats shall float in new channels I plan
From the lakes to the ocean blue;
To the cities I'll carry the waters sweet
From the fountains cool and clear;
For the calling for me that is most complete
Is the work of the engineer.

Chorus.—

The work of the engineer,
The work of the engineer;
The calling that filleth my heart with cheer
Is that of the civil engineer.

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER AND THE COMMITTEEMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

THERE was a young school-teacher man
Who thought it would be best
For him to go from Michigan,
And try it in the West.

And so he bundled up his clothes,
And gathered in his cash,
And traveled down to Galesburg town,
Resolved to cut a dash.

For tickets to the Sucker State
His money there he spent;
He wiped his eye and said good-bye,
And on the cars he went.

The day is gone, and night is come,
His journey 's well begun;
The rising ray of another day,
And then his journey 's done.

He rubbed his eye, and drew a sigh,
And gazed upon the town;
The prairie wide on every side
Encircled it around.

He went to the committeeman,
Of him he took the school,
“Which,” said the bold committeeman,
“I’ll teach you how to rule.

“The children you will have to teach
Are not disposed alike;
For while to one you’ll have to preach,
Another you’ll have to strike.

“My children four, within the door,
Are samples of the rule;
For here each night, by evening light,
I keep a private school.

“For time of need, I have them read
The Bible every night;
And if they make the least mistake,
I always set them right.

“The Bible names are hard to say,
And there are few beside
Myself, that know the proper way;
It’s been *my* greatest pride.

“If that boy Sammy, when he reads,
Goes blundering along,
I stomp my foot right loud at him,
And speak up sharp and strong.

“And then that boy will mind himself,
And read it as he should;
But speak to Mary Ellen so,
It won’t do any good.

“For it will grieve and scare her so
She can’t read good at all,
And just as like as any way,
She’ll pucker up and bawl.

“So, thus, you see, they don’t agree;
You cannot, if you would,
Treat all alike. *They’re* not alike;
You’d miss it if you should.

“And even when you talk with men,
That difference you ’ll see;
 However well they try to tell,
 Their stories won’t agree.

“For should I ask my neighbor here,
 What man it was that sold
 His Lord and Master, years ago,
For forty bits of gold,

“The chances are that he would say
 ’T was *Judeas*, I know,
 And then, mayhap, the other chap
 Would say it was not so.

“And when I ask the other chap,
 Why, just as like as not
 His voice will be for telling me
 That it was *Iseryscot*.

“For both are wrong, and both are right;
 The truth is only what
 I tell you now,— remember how,—
 ’T was *Judeas Iseryscot*.”

Thus spoke the bold committeeman.

The teacher stood and heard,
And bit his lips and finger tips,
But never said a word.

The school began, and Sammy went,
And Tommy, too, and Jim,
And Mary Ellen came along
To go to school to him.

The girl was fair as many are,
Her years not quite a score;
Her father's land lay just at hand,
A thousand acres o'er.

The teacher kept her father's word,
And "stomped" his foot at Sam,
And whispered soft in Ellen's ear,
As happy as a clam.

And when the term had passed away,
He carried from the spot
The mem'ry rare of Ellen fair,
And "*Judeas Iseryscot.*"

A QUEER MAN.

Read at the social meeting of the Michigan Engineering Society
at the Saginaw Convention.

It was a young surveyor
Lived in a country town,
And went about surveying
Through all the country round.

He sometimes to the city
Would take an early train,
And when his day's work ended,
Went straightway home again.

It was an honest Dutchman
Who owned a city lot,
That with his nearest neighbor
Had into trouble got.

He said to the surveyor,
"I vish you come to town,
And mit your shain and compass,
You run my lot around.

“ I dink my nearest neighbor,
He got some of my land;
He says he’s going to keep it,
And dot I’ll never shtand.

“ Van Eest is mine vrow’s fader,
When you get done mit mine,
Den you shall go to his house,
And measure out his line.”

It was the young surveyor
Ran out the Dutchman’s line;
It was the honest Dutchman
Who took him in to dine,

And, when the meal was over,
Who went with him up town,
To where Van Eest and his good wife
Were both at dinner found.

Up spoke Van Eest, “ Good day, sir;
Come sit you down and eat.”
“ No; thank you. At your daughter’s
I’ve had a meal complete.”

“ Den if you be not hungry,
You ’ll take some beer, I dink.”

“ O, no; I thank you kindly,
But beer I never drink.”

“ Vell, now I ’ve done my dinner,
Come have a shmoke mit me ”

“ I never use tobacco,
And so that cannot be.”

Up spoke Van Eest, his good wife,

“ You stay to see the sight,
When you are in the city? ” —

“ No; I go home at night.”

“ I s’pose your little children
Are glad to see you come.”

“ No, ma’am; I have no children.
My neighbors, they have some.”

“ Dear *man alive!* No children! !
What! have you got no wife? ” —

“ You’ve hit my case exactly;
I live a single life.”

The woman, full of wonder,
Her aged hands upraised,
And at that strange surveyor,
In astonishment she gazed.

“ You never use tobacco;
You drink no beer mit me;
You got no wife nor childer;
Why ! what a man you be ! ”

THE KALAMAZOO.

A SONG.

I AM sitting on the bank
Of the Kalamazoo,
That once on its waters
Bore the red man's canoe;
Now the thrushes sweetly sing,
And the wild doves coo,
As the sun's last rays
Kiss the Kalamazoo.

Refrain.

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo !
The birds sweetly sing
By the Kalamazoo;
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo !
As the sun's last rays
Kiss the Kalamazoo.

I have wandered in the East,
Through its cities and towns,
And gazed from the top
Of its tall mountain crowns;

All my soul was filled with joy
By the glorious view;
But it was not home,
Like the Kalamazoo.

Refrain.

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo !
The moonbeams glint
On the Kalamazoo;
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo !
As the rowboat floats
On the Kalamazoo.

I have roamed upon the plains
Of the boundless West;
My feet through the canyons
Of the Rockies have pressed;
But my heart was in my home,
Ever fond and true,
By the clear bright stream
Of the Kalamazoo.

Refrain.

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo !
The wild rose blooms

By the Kalamazoo;
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo !
And the frost grapes grow
By the Kalamazoo.

Old Time is coming on,
Bringing trouble and care;
My steps are getting feeble,
And there 's silver in my hair ;
And the day is drawing near,
When, my labors through,
I shall lie at rest
By the Kalamazoo.

Refrain.

Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo !
The zephyrs sigh
By the Kalamazoo;
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo !
And the willows wave
By the Kalamazoo.

TO A LADY ON OUR BIRTHDAY, NOV. 18, 1866.

THE trees have lost their varied robes;
The leaves fly swiftly rustling by,
Upon the wings of autumn winds,
That course along November's sky.

The bluebird long since ceased the song
He warbled forth so sweet in May;
He sought in time a Southern clime,
Where summer breezes ever play.

The sober jay and chickadee
Still linger here, nor fear the blast
Which winter sends with icy bonds,
To hold the lake and river fast.

'T is thus for four and twenty years
These autumns grim have hasted by,
And tenderly each kissed your cheek
And blessed you, ere he turned to fly.

Each autumn kiss a birthday is ;
They 're owned alike by you and I,

And every kiss counts one year less
Before the summons from on high.

* * * * *

For many a year my wandering feet
Had trodden alone life's winding way,
That led through valleys and meadows sweet,
And over the mountains bare and gray,

Through forests that smelled of the balm and
vine,
And down by the shores of the sounding sea,
Till I came to your path running close to mine,
And you pressing onward not far from me.

How long we may travel so, who may tell?
And where will the end of our Pilgrimage be?
We are going like leaves that together fell,
And the west wind carried them over the lea.

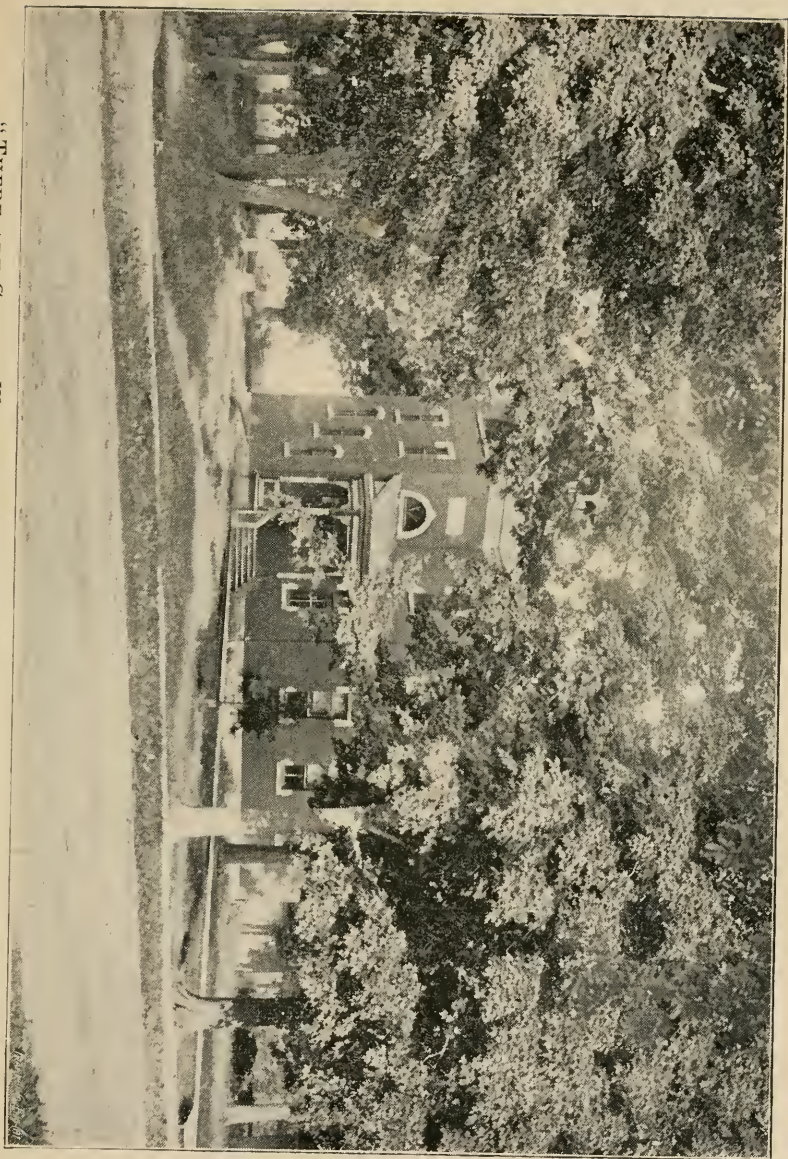
And one was caught by the eddying blast,
And quietly dropped in a forest glade;
The other one over the river was cast,
And under the willows forever laid.

OUR VILLAGE.

Read before the Climax Reform Club, Feb. 22, 1879.

THERE's a snug little village that's built on a plain,
Where the iron horse daily rolls by with his train;
Where the churches are pointing their spires to the
sky,
To show us the road to the mansions on high;
Where the stores, and the shops, and the dwellings
are seen,
With lawns intermingled and gardens between;
Where the walks are protected from summer's hot
ray
By the thick shade of maples that stand by the way.
This village is surely the dearest on earth;
'Tis the home of my childhood, the place of my birth.
There are groves where the oaks their great branches
outfling,
Where the robins build nests, and the orioles sing.
There's a schoolhouse, which oft in its bosom en-
closes
Wild, frolicking children, with faces like roses;
Who study and sport through the long summer day,
And doubly rejoice when the Master's away.

"THERE ARE GROVES WHERE THE OAKS THEIR GREAT BRANCHES OUTFLING."



And there is a resting-place out on the hill,
Where the dead, in their graves, are now lying so
still,

With marble and granite to tell where they sleep,
And ever their virtues in memory keep.
Some died long ago, and no stone marks the spot
Where their ashes lie buried; their names are forgot.
Though many the years that have passed since the
day

When the bones of these sleepers were hidden away,
The time's but an instant, a quick-fleeting breath,
Compared with the time since the angel of death
Laid the mound-builders low, whose work we may
still

See encircling the ground at the top of the hill.
Men call it the fort; but can any one tell
Why that circular ditch was there laid out so well?
Did the mound-builders once stand in battle array
And fight round the fort, as we call it to-day?
Or was it a spot where by moonlight the fairy
Would dance on the knoll overlooking the prairie?
It was one time our playground; the old schoolhouse
stood

On the hill by the graveyard, and there was the
wood

Where we wandered and clambered the hazels
among;

And played we were Indians, and hunted and sung.
How often that ditch we then followed around;
We knew every sapling and tree on the ground.

The trees are now gone, and the ditch will soon fill;
But ever in memory we'll cherish them still.

We boys hunted chipmunks; but sometimes the
game

That the old woods then sheltered was not quite so
tame.

One morning in autumn, before school begun, .
Some boys who came early to have a good run
At "pull-away," "gool," or, base-ball perhaps,
Were talking and laughing and swinging their caps,
When out of the wood right in front of them stood
A big bear and cub in the midst of the road.

O, then there was racing and chasing, I ween;
The boys ran away fast as ever was seen
The village to rouse, and the men to alarm,
To go and protect their young children from harm.
The bears were chased back to the midst of the
wood;

At every fence corner a rifleman stood,

While muskets and shotguns and pitchforks were
then

Put into the hands of the rest of the men.

And cow bells were rung, and tin horns were sounded,
All through the woods where the bears were sur-
rounded.

From the rifles' sharp crack, and the musketry's
rattle,

You'd have thought there was raging a terrible
battle.

It was n't quite nine when the racket begun,
And the clock had struck eleven before it was done.
The bears were brought forth, with their glory de-
parted,

And down to the corners were speedily carted.

Each man in the neighborhood called for a share,
And took home, and ate, of the meat of the bear.

'Tis many long years since the two bears were slain,
Yet still at the corners their spirits remain,
And 'round the school district they sometimes will
prowl,

And stir up a genuine school-district growl.

How many changes the times have attended,
In our little town since the bear-hunt was ended.

They moved the wood schoolhouse one bright summer day,

And then came the fire-fiend, and swept it away.

A brick one succeeded; but naught can we find

Of it now but the brickbats and stone left behind.

The old site no longer responds to the patter

Of light-footed school-children's frolicking clatter;

But right in its midst you may see the small mound,

That tells where humanity sleeps in the ground.

We pass through the streets; but no longer we hear

The steps of Judge Eldred, the first pioneer.

The girls have grown women, the boys become men,

Yet sometimes it seems that I see them again

In the fresh bloom of childhood, so happy and free,

As they played, years ago, in their innocent glee.

But, no! 'Tis their children. How plain we can trace

The parent's reflection in each happy face.

New buildings have risen, new streets opened wide,

And taller and broader the trees by their side;

And new friends have come, and the old gone away,—

And the child is a man, and the man has turned gray;

But whatever changes the years bring along,

The village still merits the praise of my song.
The boys are as strong, and the girls are as fair,
There's as much to make happy, as little for care;
The men are as honest, the women as true;
The meadows around are as pleasant to view;
The skies are as bright, and the woods are as green;
They're all as near perfect as ever was seen.

ROBIN RESTFUL AND FARMER JOHN.

SPRING.

Robin:

“Ho, farmer John, ’t is a beautiful day,
And the air is sweet with spring;
The ice and the snow have passed away,
And northward the wild geese wing;
The frogs at evening are tuning their throats
When everything else is still,
Save when from the forest there come the notes
Of the sweet-voiced whippoorwill.”

John:

“Yes, Robin, I know that the day is fair;
But I look for another freeze,
To nip the plants of my choicest care,
And the blossoms upon the trees.
It has frozen by night and has thawed by day,
Till lots of the wheat is dead;
We’ll be lucky, I say, if but save we may
Our seed and the season’s bread.”

SUMMER.

Robin:

“Ho, farmer John, the summer is here;
 How sweet is the new-mown hay!
 The click of the reaper is pleasant to hear,
 In the grain fields over the way;
 The corn waves like the billowy sea
 When tossed by the fitful breeze;
 The lambs in the pasture are skipping at play;
 The cattle lie under the trees.”

John:

“Yes, Robin, I know; but ’t is terribly dry;
 The weather has curled the corn;
 There is not a sign of rain in the sky,
 And everything looks forlorn.
 With wool but a shilling, and wheat 54,
 And horses and sheep so low,
 I never can keep the wolf from the door;
 And what I shall do, I don’t know.”

AUTUMN.

Robin:

“Ho, farmer John, ’t is a day most fair,
 For the autumn tints have come;

The hum of the thresher is in the air,
And the partridge beats his drum;
The huskers are stripping the yellow corn;
The acorns are dropping down;
And blue in the haze of the autumn morn
Are the spires of the distant town."

John:

"But, Robin, the summer's been terribly hot;
And now that I'm growing so old,
I dread what is coming; for likely as not
The winter'll be terribly cold.
I have sold off my cattle and sheep for a song;
I can't give my horses away;
And I have not the fodder to keep them long;
I've not a good forkful of hay."

WINTER.

Robin:

"Ho, farmer John, 't is a glorious sight
As the sun peeps over the hill;
The crystals of snow are gleaming with light;
The steam clouds rise from the mill.
There's health and strength in the frosty air,
And over the snowy plain

The sleigh-bell's jingle salutes the ear;
Old winter is here again.

John:

“ But, Robin, my lad, the frost and the cold
Are chilling my worn-out frame;
I'm not what I was in the days of old;
There's nothing that 's now the same.
This body, how gladly I'd lay it down
In hope of eternal spring,
With toil and trouble forever done,
And nothing a care to bring.”

Robin is young, and the sanguine flood
Speeds rapidly through his veins;
But John is old, and his sluggish blood
Is burdened with age and pains.
The one sees all that is bright and fair,
Finds happiness all the year;
The other sees naught but the toil and care,
And troubles that meet him here.

RUTH AND NEHEMIAH.

THE marriage of Ruth Whitford and Nehemiah Elwell was the first wedding that took place in the author's native town, and was a genuine pioneer wedding in the best sense of the word. The following lines were written for its fiftieth anniversary.

How oft the autumn winds have sighed,
And winter's come and gone,
And song-birds welcomed merry spring,
And summer breezes blown,
Since Nehemiah got his wish,
And Ruth her heart's desire,
That autumn day when they were wed,—
Fair Ruth and Nehemiah.

It hardly seems that fifty years
So soon have passed away,
That raven locks and auburn hair
Have faded into gray;
That bonny cheeks are wrinkled now;
That footsteps wander slow,
As down the hill they feebly tread
The path that all must go.

O, no, grim Time ! it cannot be;
We will not have it so.
Turn back the hands; they surely lie —
Not fifty years ago
Since o'er the hills the echoing horn
Proclaimed the *charivari*,
And they caught one lad and brought him in,
While all the rest did flee.

They brought him in,— unwilling guest,—
And led him to the feast;
He wished he were a mile away,
Or eighty rods at least;
They fed him well with dainties rare,
And then they let him go.
I'm very sure it can't have been
Quite fifty years ago.

Next day they sought their cabin home,
Ruth on the pony's back,
While Nehemiah walked beside
To guide him in the track;
The goldenrod was all in bloom;
The tall grass waved beside,
And spotted fawns, with timid eyes,
Gazed on the happy bride.

The squirrels peeped between the leaves
To see the couple pass,
And prairie chickens boomed from out
The tall and nodding grass;
And as they neared their cabin home,
They heard the cattle low;
It does not seem so long as that —
Not fifty years ago.

Just think of all that's come and gone,
The pleasure and the pain,
How everything is inside out,
And nothing is the same
Except the old true-hearted love,
That never can decay,
But closer clings as time rolls on,
Till time shall pass away.

Their children now are growing old;
Their grandchildren we may
Find nutting 'neath the walnut trees,
Or sporting on the hay;
But who are left of all the friends
They loved so long ago?
I guess it surely must have been
Quite fifty years ago.

THE CRICKET.

WHEN the glory of the sunshine
Has faded in the west;
When the toils of day are ended.
And the little ones at rest;
When the harvest moon is rising,
Softly lighting up the scene,
Then is heard the merry music
Of the cricket's tambourine.
Creak, creak, creak, creak,
Creak, creak, creak,
Goes the merry strident music
Of the cricket's tambourine.

When the watermelons ripen
In the fields where they are hid;
When the noisy Katydid n't
Contradicts the Katydid;
When the corn is ripe for roasting
And the boys go hunting coons,
Then the cricket keeps on playing
Just the same old-fashioned tunes.

Creak, creak, creak, creak,
Creak, creak, creak —
One note has all the music
That he uses in his tunes.

When the walnut leaves are yellow,
And the hazelnuts are brown,
And the early apples mellow,
And the acorns dropping down,
When Jamie walks with Genevieve,
The man that 's in the moon
Looks down and smiles; he seems to think
There 'll be a wedding soon.
Creak, creak, creak, creak,
Creak, creak, creak —
The cricket scrapes his gauzy wings,
But does not change the tune.

As Jamie strays with Genevieve,
And gazes on the moon,
It sets his heart a thumping,
Does the merry cricket's tune;
For the burden of the music
As it sounds to him is "speak ;"
And he loves her most sincerely,
Though his resolution 's weak.

Speak, speak, speak, speak,
 Speak, speak, speak —
How he wishes that he dare to,
 When the cricket bids him “speak.”

Her heart is in a flutter,
 And she wishes he could hear
The wording of the cricket’s tune,
 That seems to her so clear.
Why is it that her Jamie
 Does not understand the creak,
And mind the little cricket
 When it urges him to speak ?
Speak, speak, speak, speak,
 Speak, speak, speak —
Why does not he mind the cricket,
 When it urges him to speak ?

They are searching for the cricket
 When by chance their faces meet ;
Each one sees the other’s blushes,
 And the lesson is complete.
The cricket is forgotten,
 Though the louder be his creak :
For them his song is ended,

And they do not need to speak
Creak, creak, creak, creak,
Creak, creak, creak —
He may creak away till morning ;
They will never hear him creak.

AUGUST 17, 1755.

A TRUE TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NEW
HAMPSHIRE.

PETER BELLOWS, the hero of the following tale, married Mary Chase, daughter of Judge Samuel Chase, of Cornish, N. H., the head of the distinguished family of Chases, of which Salmon P. Chase became the most widely known member. Mr. Bellows settled on a tract of land in South Charlestown, N. H., which his father had given him, and on it he built a fort, or garrison house, where he dwelt the most of his remaining days, and raised a family. There his granddaughter, Frances H. Bellows, mother of the author, was born Aug. 24, 1803. The last few years of Peter Bellows's life were spent in the same family with this granddaughter, and he often related to her this and other incidents of his early life, which are well authenticated in the records of the family. She, in turn, related them to the author. Col. Benjamin Bellows's fort at Walpole was known to the early settlers as Number Three. The accompanying picture of the scene of this tale, as it now appears, is kindly furnished by Mr. Thos. B. Peck, of Walpole, N. H., who had it prepared for the "History and Genealogy of the Bellows Family," of which he is the author. It was at his request, and for his work, that this poem was written.

The summer sun shone brightly down
Upon Fall Mountain's rocky crown,
While at its foot, a rushing stream

Dispersed the rays with flash and gleam.
Connecticut's swift-rolling tide
Swept close along the mountainside,
Till, narrowed by the rocky shore,
It leaped the falls with sullen roar;
Then, from its narrow bondage freed,
It wandered on by copse and mead
In devious way, with turns and crooks,
And gathered in the babbling brooks,
That, down from Walpole's wooded hills,
Brought laughing tribute from the rills.
The sun shone down on peaceful scene
Of valleys broad and forests green;
Of hilltops, clad with spruce and pine;
Of dells where grew the hardy vine;
Of terraced plains that stretch away
Where once the river held its sway.
The sun shone on a land most fair,
With not a white man living there,
Save where the lonely cabin stood
That Kilburn made his dwelling good,
And where, a mile and more away,
The Bellows garrison held sway.
The sun shone bright on peaceful scene;
But even then, the hills between,



"The sun shone on a land most fair."

A dusky army, on its way
Through meadows fair and forests gray,
Were coming down from northern land
With musket shot and fiery brand,
With tomahawks and scalping knives,
To take the peaceful settlers' lives.
Ben Bellows and a score of men,
Returning homeward from the glen,
Were slowly climbing up the hill,
With sacks of forage from the mill.
They had their trusty guns in hand,
To use if they should meet the band;
For news had come from far Quebec
That any hour they might expect
An inroad from an Indian band,
To drive them from their chosen land.
Before they reached the very crest,
They halted for a moment's rest,
And, peeping o'er the other side,
An Indian ambuscade espied.
Each dropped his sack and primed his gun,
And when they had the summit won,
They gave a shout with all their might,
Then mid the ferns dropped out of sight.
As clansmen on the Scottish hill

Responded to the whistle shrill
When it was blown by Roderick Dhu,
So now up sprang the dusky crew,
And every bush, and rock, and tree,
Alive with warriors seemed to be,
For but an instant — then they fled
Assailed by deadly storm of lead.
They disappeared, like phantoms strange,
Beyond the settlers' sight and range,
And soon with yells and musket shot
Were heard assailing Kilburn's cot.
The colonel sought the strong support
And shelter of his little fort;
And there, with all his force arrayed,
He waited for the savage raid.
And there till night had shut them in
They listened to the distant din,
Each minute looking for attack,
And well prepared to hurl it back.
But not an Indian came in sight,
And silence fell with shades of night;
No sound was heard on wood or hill,
And e'en the night-bird's note was still.
An anxious man was Colonel Ben,
As, turning to his troop of men,

He said: “ No further noise we hear;
Now what good man will volunteer
And down to Kilburn’s cabin go,
And bring back tidings of the foe ? ”
The colonel’s men were brave and true;
But well each one among them knew
The desperate peril he ’d invite,
Were he to try to go that night.
Each man drew back and glanced around.
And not a single one was found
Who of his own free will and lot
Would go that night to Kilburn’s cot.
“ I ’ll try it, father. Let *me* go.
Full well each foot of ground I know;
And all the better for the night,
I ’m sure to go and come all right.”
’T was Peter spoke, the colonel’s son;
Of all were there, the bravest one
To dare the perils of the night,
And bring them tidings of the fight.
The boy was only just sixteen,
And for his age was small, I ween;
But he was fleet as any deer,
And never knew the slightest fear;
Had hunted all the country o’er,

And knew it well from hill to shore.
He left the fort at dead of night,
And soon his form was lost from sight
Amid the forest, dark and gray,
That hid him on his silent way.
His feet with softest buckskin shod
Made not a sound upon the sod;
He careful stepped, lest breaking stick
Should reach the Indians' hearing quick;
He kept close watch on all around
Where 'er a foeman might be found,
And thus with eye and muscle strained
The Kilburn clearing safely gained.
Now if the Kilburns held their ground,
And foes were lurking yet around,
A double danger he must dare
From those who watched and waited there;
And so he sought the deepest shade
That friend and foe he might evade.
With double care no soul to rouse,
At last he safely reached the house;
With care he searched about the place,
And of the foe found not a trace.
As good as new the cabin stood,
No fire had scorched its solid wood;

The lad stood still in dire suspense,
With beating heart and muscles tense.
Was any one there alive or dead ?
And where had all the Indians fled ?
Had they scalped John Kilburn and his men ?
If so, where were the women then ?
With vice-like hold he gripped his knife,
And waited for some signs of life.
They came at last. Low sounds of speech
From well-known voice his hearing reached.
When that sound met his grateful ear,
He knew full well no foe was near.
He shouted loud : “ Good friends within,
Unbar the door and let me in ;
I ’ve just come down from Number Three,
And not a soul has troubled me.”
The well-known voice and Peter’s words
Seemed sweeter far than songs of birds.
They soon unbarred the heavy door,
And let him in, where, safe once more,
And all unhurt save only one,
They ’d fought from noon till set of sun
They told him all, and on him pressed
Refreshing food and drink and rest ;
They shared with him the best they had,

And prayed that God would bless the lad
Who through the woods without a fear
Had brought them words of hope and cheer.
Then homeward Peter went his way,
And reached the fort by break of day.
His welcome home need not be told.
If your boy did a deed as bold,
On his return, pray, what would you
To welcome him be apt to do ?

A MOTHER'S SONG.

I WILL sing to my baby the song he loves best,—
 My baby, sweet baby,—
As he cuddles him down on my bosom to rest,—
 My baby ! sweet baby ! dear baby !
He has bonny blue eyes, and the prettiest nose,
And breath that is sweeter than lily or rose,
And the cutest of things are his chubby, fat toes,—
 My baby ! sweet baby ! dear baby !

My baby 's the dearest in all the wide world,—
 My baby, sweet baby,—
His fat little fingers round mama's are curled,—
 My baby ! sweet baby ! dear baby !
And now he is gazing with round open eyes;
King Solomon never looked quarter as wise;
O baby, I love you, my sweet darling prize,—
 My baby ! sweet baby ! dear baby !

When he doubles his fist and he kicks up his feet,—
 My baby, sweet baby,—
His crow and his laughter make music complete;
 My baby ! sweet baby ! dear baby !

And now he is sleeping in peace on my arm ;
God bless my dear baby and keep him from harm ;
Protect from all danger and every alarm
 My baby ! sweet baby ! dear baby !



"O WINTER DAY! YOU ARE SO BRIGHT."



GLIMPSES OF A WINTER DAY.

O WINTER day ! you are so bright
With sparkling gems of crystal light,
That glisten 'mid the frost and snow,
Like diamonds in the morning glow ;
The sun is rising o'er the hill ;
The nipping air is crisp and still ;
And out from many a quiet nook
Are rising, rolling wreaths of smoke.



Now down the street a loaded sleigh
Goes, creaking, groaning, on its way ;
The driver's hands are whipped and tossed,
His team is white with flecks of frost ;
Some sturdy urchins run beside
The sleigh, and slyly steal a ride,
Till called away by clanging note
From out the school bell's brazen throat.



I see, far down yon winding stream,
A lengthening cloud of smoke and steam,
And hear the distant, ringing tone
Of warning whistle, shrilly blown ;
From every hill, and wood, and glen,
Its echoes wild come back again,
Now, dying, faint and far away,
In sweetest tones this winter day.



I hear the chopper's sturdy strokes
In yonder wood of towering oaks,
The noisy jays in yonder tree,
The plaintive note of chickadee,
The far report of hunter's gun,
And see the sportive squirrels run,
Or burrow in the yielding snow
For treasures hidden long ago.



Now lengthening shadows stretch away,
And evening comes to close the day ;
The round moon shining cold and bright,
The planets with their silvery light,
The twinkling stars, and milky way
Make night almost as light as day,
While gems of frost adorn the night
With radiant gleams of heavenly light.



I hear the jingling sleigh-bells' chimes,
And young folks having merry times,
And strains of music, clear and sweet,
And pattering steps of dancing feet,
And dogs that bark boo-woo, boo-woo,
And owls that hoot hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo,
O winter day, so fair and cold !
Would I might keep you in my hold !

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

¹ "Riding in the Jackson stage."

In 1857-60 Jackson was one of the nearest railroad stations, from which students reached Lansing by stage.

² "Sparking Sunday nights in 11."

Room No. 11, in the dormitory known afterward as "Saint's Rest," was kept for a time as a spare room, where friends of the students were entertained. It was sometimes resorted to on Sunday nights after prayer-meeting.

³ "Poor Dickey fell at Gettysburg."

The quotation over the picture of the class of '61 refers to Lieutenant Gilbert A. Dickey, of the 24th Michigan Infantry, who was a member of that class. It is from the published report of his commanding officer, General H. A. Morrow.

⁴ "The master will nevermore greet you and me,"

Refers to President T. C. Abbot.

⁵ “He ’s been a college president,”

Refers to Dr. L. R. Fiske, of Albion College.

⁶ “And then we sowed that turnip seed.”

Turnip seed was sowed on the muck land near the Lansing and Howell plank roads, which ran in front of the College grounds. No doubt plenty of seed was used; but enemies grossly exaggerated the amount, and sent the false statement far and wide. Forty years of good work has not fully overcome the prejudice thus created.

⁷ “And visited the Fem. Sem. girls.”

Visits between the students of M. A. C. and those of the Michigan Female Seminary at Lansing were frequent, and, under suitable restrictions, were encouraged by the authorities of both schools.

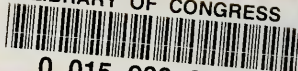
⁸ “Those teams were a sight.”

Much of the “breaking” in Southern Michigan was done with very large plows, and teams to match. When a boy, the author worked for many a day with “Squire Mead’s” breaking-team. The plow was capable of turning a furrow two feet wide and a foot deep. It would

turn over green oak stumps as large as six inches in diameter. The team consisted of from four to ten yoke of oxen with a horse or a span of horses to lead.

The author is indebted to the kind favor of the college authorities for the use of most of the cuts of buildings at M. A. C. It will doubtless interest M. A. C. men to know that the illustrations for "A Song for Our College Days" are by Prof. W. S. Holdsworth of the class of '78. Of the other illustrations, a part are from photographs made by the author, and the remainder are from drawings by E. Noyes Thayer, of the class of '93. Those on pages 21 and 27 are from accurate drawings made by the author on the spots which inspired the text, redrawn for engraving by Mr. Thayer.

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